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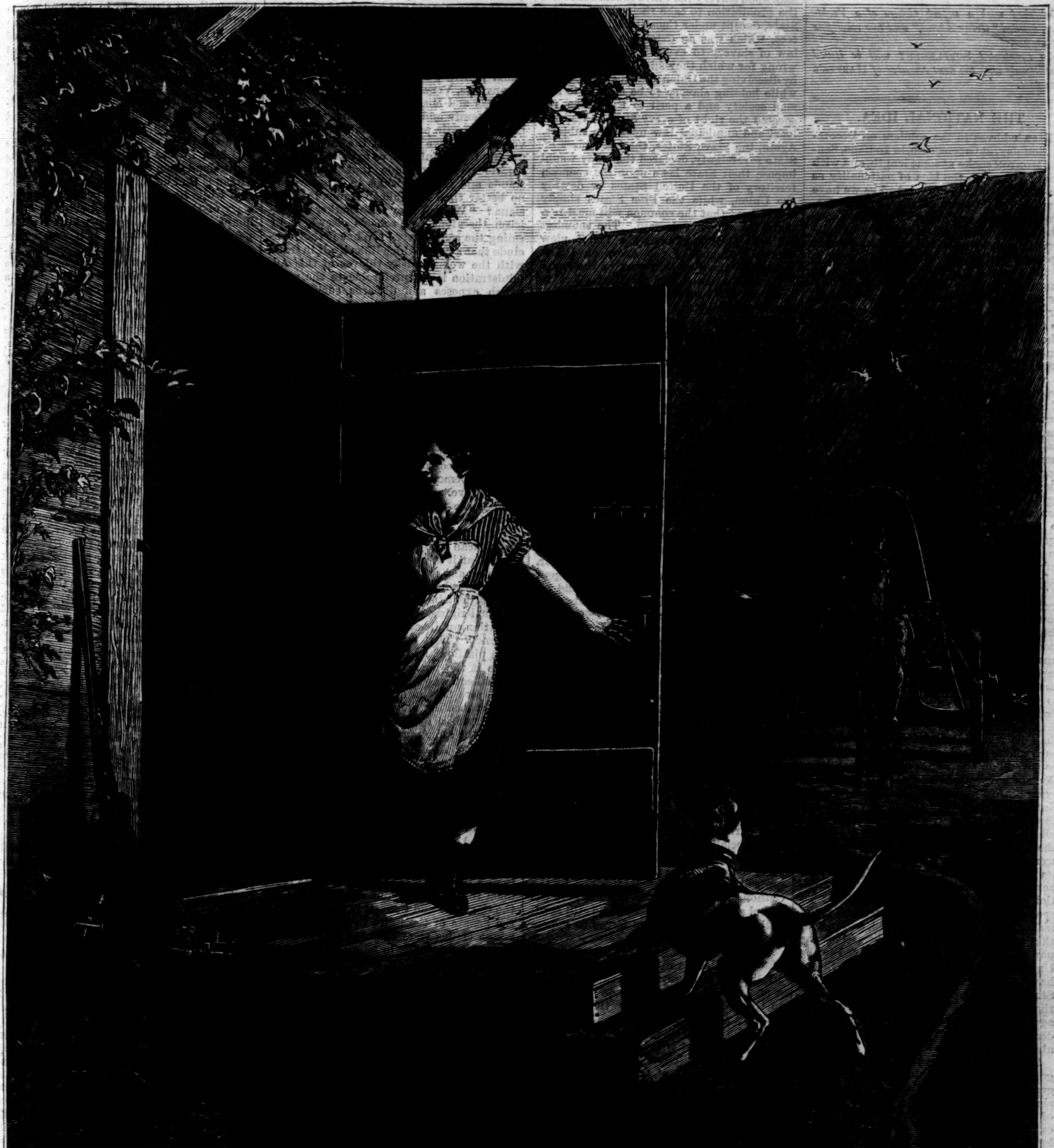

IN A RUSSIAN VILLAGE—"MASTER'S COMING!"—[DRAWN BY I. P. PRANISHNIKOFF.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1875.

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embellished with a superb picture of a Yacht-Race, entitled "Going Ahead," and two other fine engravings.

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THE NATIONAL IDEA.

IN an address to the soldiers on Decoration-day, at Greencastle, in Indiana, Senator MORTON spoke at some length, and with great force, upon the idea of nationality as the true lesson of the day. And as we have now reached the Centennial year of the declaration of national independence—a declaration of the united colonies and an affirmation of the rights of a Union of States, not of separate "sovereignties"—the suggestions of the Senator are both timely and wise. There is no man in Indiana who has a better right to speak for the national Union, for among all the War Governors there was no one whose position was more difficult, or whose service was more efficient, than Governor MORTON'S. At a time when the national heart is open and generous, and there is a general wish to allay all bitterness of feeling, it is indispensable that the ardor of reconciliation shall not be suffered to obscure the fundamental principles that triumphed in the war, or be made in any way instrumental in weakening or overthrowing them. The great truth established by the war is that the American Union constitutes one nation and many States, and that the rights of the States are under the protection and guarantee of the nation. That is to say, no State may forcibly maintain against the nation what it may conceive to be its rights, while the nation can not justly infringe, but is bound to defend and maintain, the proper rights of the States.

There are, indeed, certain conceded and traditional conditions of wise and secure government in a republic, and the first of them is what is called local self-government, beginning in the neighborhood, the small community, the district, of which the early New England system is the most striking and satisfactory illustration. Now to the perfect maintenance of this condition it is not necessary that the territorial division known to us as a State of the Union shall be what is called sovereign. Under our system, indeed, such a division can not be sovereign, because in all the great functions of government there is confessedly in every State a higher authority than its own. But the truth is made still more evident by the fact of which Mr. MORTON reminded the soldiers, that of the thirty-seven States of the Union, the boundaries of twenty-four were marked out by the United States upon its own territory, and they were by its own act and will admitted to exercise the functions of States under the Constitution. To speak of the Union as the creation of political communities so established, and to hold that such States reserve to themselves the powers which they have not granted to the Union, is nonsense. But if the old States have a different title to their rights, the States are not equal in the Union. Indeed, the theory that was plausible eighty years ago has not only been set aside by the final decision of arms, but it is annihilated by the abstract facts of the situation.

The fundamental principle of local self-government, a principle which no intelligent American of any party denies, is to be maintained not upon any visionary theory of State sovereignty, but upon grounds of experience and expediency. If the old colonial divisions and distinctions had never existed, if State lines had been unknown, it would have been the highest wisdom to establish them when we became independent, as, in fact, we have established them in twenty-four of the thirty-seven States. But to assume that because of that establishment the immigrant settler in Nevada or Colorado owes an allegiance to the State authority, created by the Union, superior to that which he owes to the Union itself, is an insanity which is not likely soon to recur, but which has hitherto frightfully convulsed the country. And that fatal heresy was carefully cultivated, especially in the Southern States, and became the plea and the pretext of secession. Before the rebellion the doctrine had been declared by the Federalists in New England, although it was hostile to their most cherished dogma of a strong and efficient general government. But the assertion there was transitory, and it acquired little hold. The land of the town-meeting, which knew the immense value of local government, knew by the same instinct which clung to that, the indispensability of the national supremacy. It never mistook a frigate for a fleet.

The part of the country in which the necessary supremacy of the nation has been most fully acknowledged is that in which the true rights of the States have been most carefully conceded. Thus in the great debate upon slavery the Slave States held that the prohibition to take their slaves in any State, except under Constitutional guarantees, which was an extension of the local law of slavery to every Free State, was a wrong for which they might seek a remedy by dissolving the Union; but the Free States, while holding slavery to be a curse to human society and a peril to the Union, respected the right of every State to its own local and municipal law upon the subject. Again, the Slave States, the hot-houses of State sovereignty, declared that they would impose their State laws upon the common territory of the United States or destroy the Union, while the Free States simply maintained that the common will must regulate the common domain. The soundest political philosophy and the truest view of the character of the American Union have been those of that part of the country which resisted the practical effort to maintain State sovereignty by the destruction of the Union. This must be evident to intelligent men in the old Slave States, and they will naturally accept the corollary, that those who have most truly understood the real nature of the government are those who should administer it.

MORE REFORM DEMOCRACY.

THE politics of Missouri are interesting and most instructive as indicative of tendencies and probabilities. It is a State in which "reconciliation and forgiveness" have triumphed, and which is sufficiently "Southern" in sentiment and Democratic in party sympathy to show the real Democratic spirit and purpose. It was saved to the Union at the opening of the war by the heroism and energy of General FRANK BLAIR and the German population. Five years ago Mr. SCHURZ and his friends were very urgent for "letting by-gones be by-gones," and for removing all disabilities from the late Confederates. They succeeded in 1870 in enfranchising the ex-rebels and restoring the Democratic ascendency; and it is one of the most ardent of Mr. SCHURZ'S friends, and one of the most active of the Cincinnati "Liberals" of 1872, for some years editor of the St. Louis *Democrat*, and a prominent actor in Missouri politics, who now writes to the New York *Tribune*, "One can not find an independent voter nor a German of either party, unless he is an extreme Catholic, who has not a set purpose to overthrow the Democratic party." The friends of conciliation and forgiveness and enthusiastic hand-shaking over the bloody chasm "quickly found," he says, "that the old fires of hatred, though long buried, were yet alive......Union men, and especially Germans, were quietly crowded out of influence or place. The Democratic party became more and more distinctly controlled by the Confederates and by the Catholics. Repeatedly, in order to save the school system, Independents who still acted with the Democrats were forced to oppose the party's candidates."

Meanwhile, having regained power in the State, the Democrats elected to the Senate Mr. BOGY, noted only as an inflationist, and a man whose views were more acceptable to the secession Democracy than General BLAIR, a soldier of the Union. The Democrats also carried the city of St. Louis, and their government both of the State and the city was, according to Mr. GROSVENOR (a witness upon the spot, familiar with parties and politics), shamefully corrupt. The attempted "People's" reform of 1874 failed because, as he says, of an alliance between the office-holding wing of the Republicans and the corrupt Democrats. The reform failed and the Democrats triumphed, defeating SCHURZ, through whose influence they had acquired power, and electing COCKRELL, known only as a Confederate officer and an inflationist. At the city election in April of this year the same alliance took the field. "The result," says Mr. GROSVENOR, "was a Democratic Convention, of which two-thirds of the members were Irish Catholics, which put up one Catholic Irishman for Mayor, and a Republican Convention, of which the majority of the members were government employés, which put up another Catholic Irishman for Mayor—the Collector of Internal Revenue, who, since the exposure of the whisky frauds, has been permitted to resign." An Independent candidate was nominated, and ran well, but was defeated by a majority of seven hundred for the Democratic candidate, for whom the Whisky Ring openly worked when it was plain that their man could not be elected. The Democratic Mayor died within a week after his inauguration. The Independent candidate was again nominated. The Whisky Ring and Democratic Ring combined again, and elected their man by a little more than six hundred majority only, and that by the most flagrant frauds. It was so palpable that this would appear upon the recounting of the ballots that the alliance did not dare to have the recount, and "a Democratic judge," sustained by "a Democratic court," prohibited it, "holding that the boxes could not be opened until November next." SCHURZ'S paper denounced the decision as more infamous than DURELL'S in Louisiana.

What has a city election to do with national politics? asks Mr. GROSVENOR; and he answers, Very much, if the situation in St. Louis and Missouri is an illustration of the desperate and ravenous partisanship of the Democratic party. What if intelligent voters, who have doubted the duty of sustaining the Republican as against the Democratic party, conclude that Democratic frauds and false decisions in Missouri are no better than Republican frauds in Louisiana? "What if they ask whether Catholicism threatens free schools elsewhere by ruling the same party? What if they conclude that a party which links itself in fraud with the worst whisky thieves of this Administration is not preferable to the party which exposes and discards such men?" Mr. GROSVENOR, however, maintains his position as an "Independent." He insists that the conduct of both parties has exposed them to contempt; that both seem to be destitute of principle, but that if forced to choose between the two, "Independents" will be very apt to choose "the one which has less prejudice against Union men, less hostility to free schools, less disposition to resort to fraud for the sake of power, and the stronger tendency toward practical reform;" and it is his opinion that in a year from this time the Republican corruptionists will be helping to shape a Democratic nomination. This we also believe. For the Republican corruptionists see the signs of the times. They know that the tide is rising; that the better and natural elements and forces of the Republican party are coming into the control; that it is not a GRANT party, nor the party of any man or leader, but the party of the people resolved upon honesty and economy of administration, upon the defense of equal rights, the maintenance of the unsectarian public-school system, and a sound currency. That is to-day the real Republican platform, and all that is necessary to make it the national policy is that every Republican who adheres to it shall take personal care that in his local committee and district meeting and county convention he is represented by a man of the same views and of the same purpose.

POLITICS ON THE BENCH.

A STRIKING illustration of the supposed influence of political feelings upon judicial decisions lately occurred in the report of the action of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire and of the United States District Court of Minnesota, which was published upon the same morning in the same papers. The action of the New Hampshire court was taken upon the disputed point of the conduct of the Governor and Council in giving seats in the Senate of the State to certain persons whose claims were disputed. That of the United States Court in Minnesota was upon the constitutionality of the Civil Rights Bill. In the former case political motives were directly charged by the Concord *Monitor*, which said: "The motives of the two Democratic judges are apparent—to preserve their party in power in the State and themselves in office by means of the outrage of Governor WESTON. Chief Justice CUSHING is, and always has been, a cunning, unscrupulous, partisan Democrat, ready to do violence to his convictions, and to justify usurpation to gain a temporary advantage for his party." And in the Minnesota case the press report said, "As Judge NELSON has been a life-long Democrat, his emphatic opinion produces no little astonishment among politicians as well as lawyers." From which statement it would seem to be a fair inference that in that part of the country it is the general understanding that questions in the courts arising from legislation are decided not by evidence and reason and law, but by the political sympathy of the judges.

If this were a universal conviction, the impartiality of the bench would be a phrase without meaning, and the proud boast that in this country the courts are the abode of justice would be ridiculous. When respect for the courts is lost, as we learned in New York under the rule of the TWEED Ring, every thing is imperiled, no right is secure, and the foundations of civilized and ordered society tremble. The Ring judges, it was well known, were the tools of TWEED and his gang. They were "ready to do violence to their convictions," if they could be supposed to have had any, for the sake of money or of personal advantage. This was the lowest and meanest form of bribery. But a judge who is ready to do violence to his convictions to gain an advantage for his party, although he may act from a little higher, because a personally unselfish, motive, yet wounds as effectually the honor and just influence of the bench.

In a country where political feeling is necessarily so strong as in this, and where there is intelligence enough to be aware both of that fact and of the necessity of guarding against its evil results, the habit of looking to the bench for political candidates should be seen to be one of the most mischievous possible. It is a direct premium upon political judgments. It is an invitation to make the courts partisan; and while to-day the judge may only lean toward the party of his choice, to-morrow he will lean toward his fellow-partisan. The great cloud upon the career of Chief Justice CHASE is that he entertained political ambition while he was at the head of the judiciary of the country, and inevitably cast a doubt upon every decision which involved political considerations. If it were understood that a judge should no more be nominated to political office than a bishop—the rule would be unwritten, but it would be a powerful bulwark of the absolute impartiality of the judiciary; and if judges were never made Senators or Governors, their decisions would not astonish because they were thought to be unpartisan, as in Minnesota, nor be denounced as dishonest because they were partisan, as in New Hampshire.

"POLITICAL INFORMATION."

THERE is a magazine called the *Republic*—not to be confounded with the *National Republican* newspaper—which is issued monthly in Washington by the "Republic Publishing Company," and which announces that it is "devoted to the dissemination of political information." One of its recent numbers disseminates extraordinary information upon the subject of the civil service, in the form of a caustic review of Mr. EATON'S recent paper. The magazine assumes to speak for the Republican party, and in the name of Republicans it disseminates the information that it was the civil service experiment, now happily abandoned, which caused the misfortunes of the party last autumn. The *Republic* remarks:

> "We have vital principles to defend and uphold. For the better support and defense of these we have a grand party organization, and any system that tends to lower its discipline, or break down its safeguards, or weaken its leaders, or demoralize its rank and file, exposes its vital principles to defeat and destruction. This was the fatal tendency of the civil service experiment. It acted as a blight upon the party; it chilled the enthusiasm of the young citizens who believed Republicanism better than Democracy. It brought about by its conservative example that fatal apathy which lost to our cause States that are to-day numerically in our favor."

It further appears that the defective part of the reform was the educational test, which merely secured scholars in the service without regard to their business qualifications. Whereas it is well known, although the *Republic* does not state, that under the present system it is business qualifications which are stringently demanded. Besides, says the *Republic*, the reform would have established a bureaucracy. The power of removal, indeed, was left absolutely untouched; but what then? The candidates who were found by investigation and by probation properly qualified, and who, if they showed the least bureaucratic tendencies, could have been peremptorily removed, would necessarily have formed an aristocracy.

After disseminating this valuable information, the *Republic* instructs us that no assessments upon office-holders ever had the force of law; that those gentlemen are invited to contribute toward the legitimate and necessary expenses of an election, but the invitation is never accompanied with any intimation of dismissal, and those who contribute do so "through a high sense of duty." It is "a privilege, not a task," and every thing is of perfect "free-will." Here is not only information, but "richness." Every office-holder concerned will probably recognize the truthfulness of the statement, while we can testify that, if this be true, we must have been mistaken in supposing that a Collector of New York once said to us, when remonstrance was made against the levy of a heavy assessment upon his clerks, that for every clerk who was unwilling to pay, there were thirty applicants just as well fitted as himself who were ready to take his place with all the incumbrances. Of course, knowing this, the payment of the assessment is a voluntary contribution, the result of a high sense of duty, and an offering of perfect free-will.

And why not? demands the *Republic* in the next breath. Somebody must pay the expenses of an election. "Political work as well as religious work requires money to sustain it, and those most interested in the success of the labor should freely contribute toward the expenses of those who perform it." In other words, the *Republic* says that they should pay for their places, and what nobler and less aristocratic and more efficient system of a civil service could be devised? No wonder that this logical purveyor of political information declares that it has "faith in the system of appointments which has stood the test of years, and which has furnished honest and capable men for the service of the government." How honest and how capable Mr. Bristow has just been showing us. "It may have its defects," remarks the candid *Republic*, meditatively; "but they can be remedied by exercising a little more care and judgment on the part of those who are vested with the appointing power, and those who are called upon to make recommendations to office." And thereupon the wise *Republic* thanks the President and the good sense of the American people that the effort to secure a little more care and judgment has failed!

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

It has been remarked that Decoration-day was never so generally and never more heartily observed than it was this year. The reason is that a holiday at so beautiful a season is very grateful, and that the patriotic heart of the country desires to show that while it forgives, it does not forget. That no spirit of conciliation, no wish of a sincere and speedy reunion upon eternal principles of justice and equality, must be suffered to cloud the memory of the cause and the devoted heroism with which it was defended, is part of the feeling which inspires so warm an observance of the day. Moreover, it is now evident that the influence of such a day, instead of prolonging bitterness of feeling, gently removes it. By a generous human instinct the words spoken, as flowers are strewn upon the graves of heroes, are not words of wrath, or revenge, or hostility, but of peace and patriotism and lofty aspiration. In all the admirable and eloquent speeches upon the recent recurrence of the day that we have seen there is no harsh or partisan tone. Indeed, they all have a moderation and sincerity and good sense which suggest that one of the highest and best uses of the day will be the calm and restrained discourse of public men upon public affairs, such as the exigencies of a passionate election do not permit. It will be the day upon which, if so sorry a distinction must be made, they will speak as patriots, and not as partisans.

We have alluded elsewhere to the speech of Senator Morton in Indiana. Secretary Bristow in Kentucky spoke also with a candor and force that will be appreciated by those to whom his good advice upon the open secret of reunion was addressed; and Mr. Kasson in Iowa delivered an admirable and thoughtful oration, in which he drew the difference between the American citizen soldier and the soldier of other countries, and pointed out that the essential, fundamental principle of the government for which he fought was a standing menace to the European theory of government. In the course of his interesting speech, which was delivered to an immense audience, Mr. Kasson alluded plainly to the hostility of other governments to ours during the rebellion—a hostility of which the moral force was one of the most serious difficulties that we encountered. Louis Napoleon was the chief of our European enemies, and it was he who endeavored to persuade the great powers to recognize the Confederacy. The British Government fortunately refused; but the Russian did more, and we doubt if the fact which Mr. Kasson mentions has been before published:

> "A member of Parliament told me in 1863, at London, in answer to my question why the governing classes of England were hostile to our Union, that 'we were growing too great, too powerful: it would be better for the peace of the world if we were divided.' That he spoke the sense of his Government was apparent from their consent to the escape of rebel warlike cruisers from their ports to destroy our commerce, and put us back twenty years in our race for the commercial control of the seas. We are much indebted to the Queen of England, and to Prince Albert personally, that her Government did not yield to the proposition of the French Emperor. None of the great governments save Russia took the nobler part of an active friendship for our Union. When the letter of the French Government came to the Czar, and suggested that it was the direct interest of the great monarchies to have our republic divided and broken, his minister submitted to him a reply simply declining the proposition. But the great-hearted Emperor was our true friend. He said to his minister, 'You do not go far enough. Tell Napoleon that the republic has freely chosen its form of government, and does not attempt to interfere with ours; tell him they have as much right to their form as we have to ours; and tell him further, Prince, that if he attempts to interfere with them, *I will strike him!*' In twenty-four hours that answer was on the way to Paris. God bless Russia for her faithful friendship! That dispatch went far to shorten the war, if it was not also an important factor in the triumph of the Union. Nevertheless, the rebel agents were allowed to build warlike cruisers in the French ports, and the French government *would* not see it until our spies had secured the original contracts, and our minister had laid them before their eyes."

The knowledge of this fact possibly explains the ardor of Mr. Seward's urgency for the purchase of Alaska as a recognition of the friendship of Russia; and had the fact been more generally known in this country, the reception of the Emperor's son Alexis would have been even more cordial than it was. Had it been known to the President, we doubt if the Catacazy difficulties would have been allowed to affect the heartiness of the Grand Duke's welcome at the White House. Certainly this incident, with the late timely aid of the Czar in keeping the peace in Europe, places the traditional Russian bear in a wholly new and nobler position.

PROBABILITIES.

Mr. Wendell Phillips in a recent interview is reported to have said that every white adult in the Southern States to-day believes that this is a white man's government, and although he will not attempt to fight the flag again, he will try to write over it the old lie. Mr. Phillips also said that when Congress refused the Force Bill, it left true men only the necessity of taking for President a man who is himself a force bill, that is, General Grant; and he added, "I am certain that under no other man can the Republican party hope for success." But Mr. Phillips must know that General Grant could not carry New York, nor Pennsylvania, nor Ohio; and where, then, does he find the grounds of his faith that he alone can be elected? "The fate of the negro," he says, "is still the problem of our politics." But granting it, does he think, then, that the country could be carried for Grant upon the Civil Rights Bill? or, to complete the platform, that Grant upon a policy of force bills and civil rights bills together could defeat any opponent? If so, we ask again where are the grounds of his faith? The question is not what should be, but what is. It is a question of voters and voting. Do any known facts justify the assertion that a majority of the voters wish General Grant for a third term, and that the Force Bill was approved by the controlling opinion of the country? If not, the persuasion that they ought to wish him, and that the Force Bill should have been approved, is certainly not a reason for saying that there is such a wish and such an approval.

There are many persons in the country who feel with Mr. Phillips the enormous peril of a Democratic restoration. They may not agree that there is any conscious and extensive plan of operations among the defeated leaders of the feeling that produced the war, but they do agree that there is a community of sentiment from which a policy will be at once evolved the moment that success is assured. That the Democratic party, deriving its impetus from, and owing its chief support to, those who were not friends of the government and of the Union, is bent solely upon honesty and economy and reform in administration, is the text of the Democratic press, but is believed chiefly by those who think that Copperheads were the best patriots. The policy of the Democratic party, should it obtain power, would be determined by those of its leaders who represent its most positive purpose. That is found now, as always, in the Southern States, and the policy would be one satisfactory to the party sentiment of those States. But is that sentiment merely a demand for honest and economical administration? Is there no sense of wrong to be righted, no feeling of injustice to be corrected, no determination to put the negro "in his place," and keep him there? Is there no hostility to the amendments, no brooding bitterness from the war, no dislike of the Union, no faith in the most absolute State sovereignty?

We gladly concede that this is by no means universal, that even in the Democratic party in its Southern stronghold there is an element of true patriotism and a sincere desire of hearty and effective reunion. Such an address as that of some ex-Confederate officers to General Bartlett in Richmond is an illustration of it. But this sentiment has not shown itself as controlling the party, and, for reasons familiar to every one who knows the situation and human nature, it is not likely to control the party should it be successful. The mastery of the Democratic party in the Southern States is seen in the power of the White League sentiment, and the Democratic servility in other States to that spirit is seen in the election of Senators like Eaton in Connecticut and of Cockrell in Missouri. To prevent the control of the national government by this spirit is the duty of all good citizens. Mr. Phillips thinks the way to defeat it is to nominate General Grant for a third term, with the Force Bill for a platform. We think that, in the present temper of the country, the sure way not to prevent, but to secure a Democratic Administration would be to declare for a third term and the force policy. The declarations of the Republican party every where show the same conviction, and indicate that the party relies for success upon a true comprehension of the situation.

PERSONAL.

A very noticeable person is M. Arsène Houssaye, judging from this latest sketch: Tall and elegant in person, rendered yet more striking by a costume of faultless fashion, an open and smiling physiognomy, lightened with bright blue eyes, and fringed with a beautiful golden beard, now mixed with silver. He was born at Bruyeres, in the Department of Aisne, in 1815, of a rather rich peasant family. His sister, a beautiful and accomplished lady, who married M. De Bonnemain, a sub-prefect of the Second Empire, met with a horrible death four years ago. Having gone to the sea-shore in Brittany to reflect, with Charles Dickens, on "what the wild waves were saying," she was surprised and cut off from the land by the tide, and, in spite of every exertion to save her, was drowned, in company with two lady companions and a child.

—Mr. Tennyson has, it is stated, at last sent to the press the drama which he has so long had on hand. It is entitled *Queen Mary: a Drama*, and embraces the life of Mary Tudor from her accession to her death, together with the chief scenes in her reign.

—Rivals to the multiplicity of Smiths, Joneses, and Browns have been found in Paris. There are in that city 4900 Duvals, 3250 Leroux, and 3600 Duboises.

—It is believed in India that, in various ways connected with the recent trial, the Guikwar has spent over $1,500,000.

—Odillon Barrot is called a man who "passed his life in making mustard plasters, which he believed were poultices."

—Young men in business may remember with advantage a maxim of Mr. A. T. Stewart, who says: "I have made it the rule of my life to give a man the value of his money, and I know no man who has succeeded for thirty years on any other principle."

—The Rev. John King, who died at Ashby, England, a few days since, at over eighty, was a noted breeder of fine horses, several of which were winners at the great races. This fondness for horse-racing brought down upon him a pungent letter from his bishop, after which he was not openly heard of on the turf. He left a young wife—only thirty—for whom he made liberal provision.

—The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, the well-known London ritualist of the English Church, has written a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he addresses as "The Most Reverend the Right Honorable his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury." If he had only added the word "'Squire," the thing would have been "com-plate," as it were.

—Mr. Arthur Sedgwick and Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison are now the principal editors of the *Nation*. Mr. Godkin, who has imparted so much ability and dignity to the paper, is now residing at Cambridge, where it is not improbable he may fall into a professorship.

—In General William Tecumseh Sherman's *Memoirs*, wherein he mildly tomahawks several volunteer and regular generals, he takes occasion to pay a high compliment to General "Baldy" Smith, who has recently been appointed one of the Police Commissioners of this city. On the 24th of November, 1863, it became necessary to construct a pontoon-bridge over Chickamauga Creek near its mouth, and also over the Chickamauga River. The whole was planned and supervised by General William F. Smith in person, giving communication with the two regiments which had been left on the north side, and fulfilling a most important purpose at a later stage of the drama. General Sherman says: "I will here bear my willing testimony to the completeness of this whole business. I have never beheld any work done so quietly, done so well, and in so short a time. I attribute it to the genius and intelligence of General William F. Smith." General Smith is endeavoring to bring his fine organizing ability into practical use in the Police Department, and unless foiled by his associates, will soon bring it into a still higher state of discipline and efficiency.

—Nathaniel Gorham, who died recently in Canandaigua, was the survivor of the original Gorham family, who once owned the Phelps and Gorham tract, which embraced a large portion of Ontario and Livingston counties, in this State. The Legislature of Massachusetts in 1787, when the tract, containing about six millions of acres, was inhabited by the "Six Nations" of Indians, sold it to Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham for $1,000,000, payable in three installments.

—Mr. Cook St. John has just celebrated his hundred-and-second birthday at Walton, New York. He was born in Norwalk, but removed to Walton in 1801, where he has since resided. He had seventy-nine descendants living within stone's-throw of his home, and lived to see five generations of them grow up.

—Mr. A. S. Abell, of the Baltimore *Sun*, is said to be the wealthiest newspaper man in America, his fortune being estimated at from seven to ten millions of dollars.

—Jesse Jones has finally "shuffled off." He was of color, and on life's score had tallied the great number of one hundred and twelve—a remarkable run. Jesse abided in West Vincent, Chester County, Pennsylvania, and used to relate many incidents of Revolutionary times and of the people he knew in those days, which were conclusive that his age could not have been less than one hundred and twelve. His wife, who died recently, was over ninety, and used to state that her old man was just twenty years older than she was when he married her. Jesse Jones hadn't much mind when he departed. Too much old man.

—They speak of that Indian, Spotted Tail, as Mr. Variegated Narrative.

—The individual who was for a space at West Point, and known as "Colored Cadet Smith," is now Brigadier-General Smith, Inspector of Militia in South Carolina.

—Major William Allan, of Virginia, who died on the 19th of May, soon after the outbreak of the rebellion raised and equipped an artillery battalion, which he for some time commanded. Prior to the war Major Allan was one of the wealthiest men in Virginia, owning eighteen hundred slaves, and nearly forty thousand acres of the best land in Eastern Virginia. He had his own railroads and engines on his place, and sailed a splendidly appointed yacht, manned by his own people. The fortunes of war had very much impaired his possessions, and, save some land, he died without estate.

—Brigham Young's son, a cadet at West Point, is a young gentleman of superior ability, and stands third in his class. General Frank P. Blair also has a son at the Point, who possesses the traditional ability of the family, and maintains a good position in his class.

—Apropos of the great contest now going on between the magnates of the Baltimore and Ohio and Pennsylvania railroad companies, the Boston *Post* observes that "we may expect Attic wit from Garrett in his controversy with Scott." Another writer, evidently a friend of the latter, says: "There may be *bonhomie* in Tom Scott. There is. It shines out of his Madeira-colored face, lurks about the curved corners of his mouth, and rings in his hearty laugh. His thick white hair, tending to curl, falls down over his full round forehead in school-boy *négligé*, and his white side whiskers bristle out with a frolicsome recklessness of comb and brush. At first glance you see very much of the genial elderly gentleman and very little of the railway autocrat in Tom Scott. But catch his eye, and the whole man is transformed. I think Sir Isaac Newton must have looked with such an eye at the apple whose fall to the ground solved the problem of the sidereal machinery. Scott's eye is made up of two shades of steel-blue. The iris is dark blue and the white light blue, while the whole has the effect of polished metal. You can not see the depth of a hair's-breadth in Tom Scott's eyes. They gaze at you wide open, and the face in which they are framed betrays expressions enough, but the eyes give no sign of heart or soul within. Like a polished mirror, you see yourself reflected in them, but from their hard metallic surface your gaze is thrown back at you, powerless to penetrate."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New Hampshire Legislature, on the 9th inst., elected P. C. Cheney Governor of the State, the people having failed to make a decisive choice in March last. The new Governor was inaugurated on the 10th.

Secretary Delano has notified the Indian Bureau that a commission will be sent out to the Sioux nation to negotiate with the Indians for the relinquishment of their hunting grounds in Nebraska, and directing that the necessary instructions be prepared for their use as soon as the President shall appoint them.

Intelligence has been received from Paris of the death of James M. Sweeny, brother of Peter B. Sweeny, and one of the accused partners in the Tweed Ring frauds. He was about forty-five years of age.

The California Republican State Convention was held at Sacramento on the 11th instant. T. G. Phelps was nominated for Governor by acclamation. Among the resolutions adopted was one indorsing President Grant and approving his third-term letter.

Governor Kellogg writes to the Chicago *Times* that the actual debt of Louisiana is only $21,279,680 25, instead of over $50,000,000, as charged in the columns of that paper.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The steam-ship *Vicksburg*, of the Dominion Line, running between Quebec and Liverpool, struck an iceberg off Newfoundland at midnight of the 31st ult., and in a little while went down. Only five persons out of all her passengers and crew are known to have been saved, and they were picked up by a passing steamer and brought to New York.

A box containing a number of Protestant books, consigned to an American resident of Santander, in Spain, has been stopped there by the Custom-house officials. Complaint was at once made to the United States minister.

The Pope, in reply to an address presented to him on the 1st inst. from students of colleges in America thanking him for the elevation of Archbishop M'Closkey to the cardinalate, alluded to the excellent reception given to the appointment in America, and added: "It seems that the harvest in America is ripe, and laborers alone are wanting. You are preparing yourselves for that work. Preach especially by example in order to convert that great nation."

A civil tribunal at Posen, in Prussia, has sentenced the Prince-Bishop, Dr. Foerster, of Breslau, to a fine of 2000 marks or 133 days imprisonment for illegally excommunicating a priest.

An important bill amending the labor laws was introduced into the British House of Commons, on the 10th inst., providing that breaches of contract calculated to cause public injury by work-people employed in a public capacity, as in the supply of gas and water, shall be dealt with criminally; all other cases shall be regarded purely as matters of civil contract to be settled by the county courts.

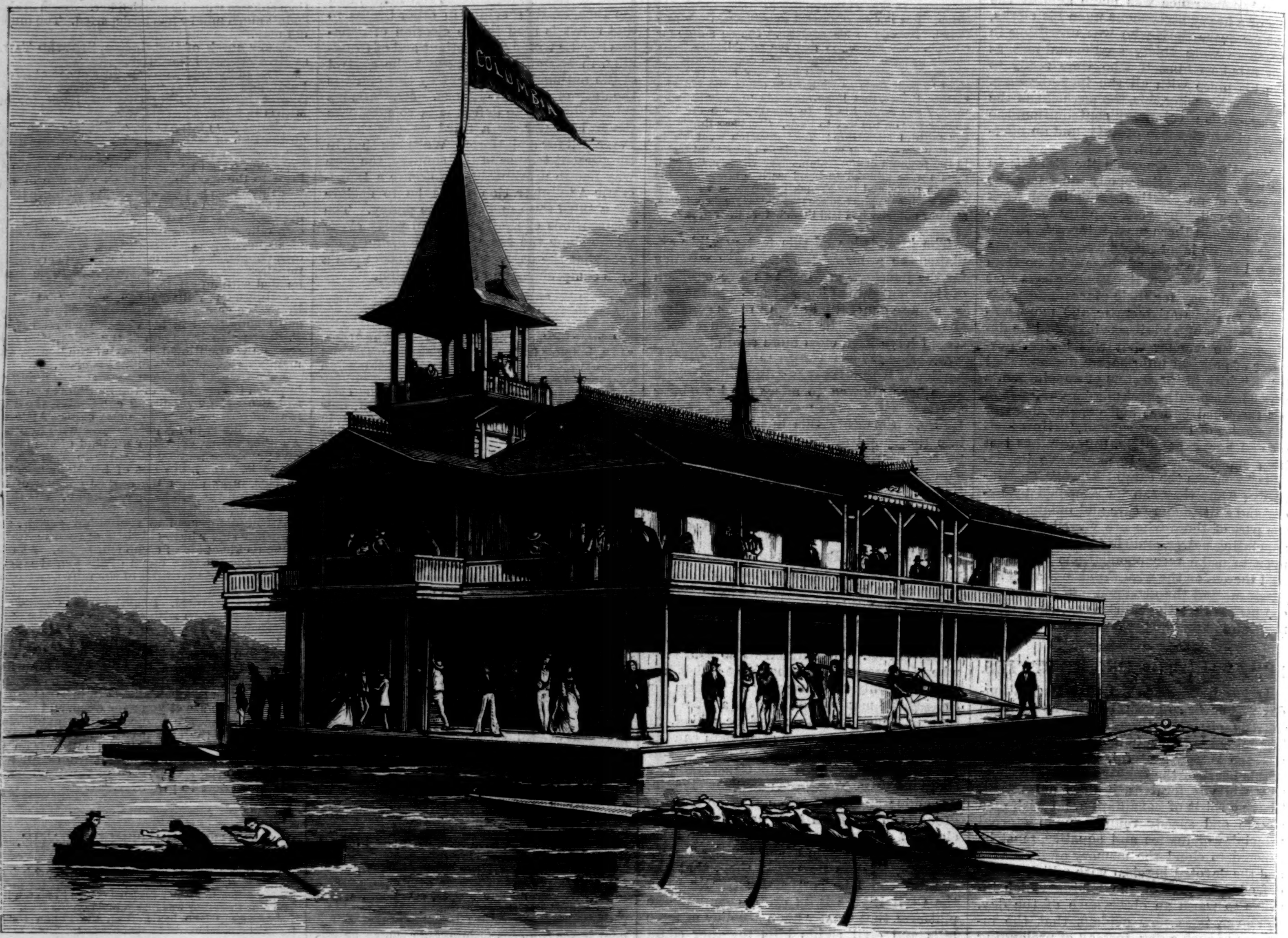
The British government has received reports of frightful mortality among the natives of the Feejee Islands from epidemic measles. Telegraphic orders have been sent to the authorities of the islands to spare neither expense nor exertions to stop the progress of the disease. They have also been instructed to take precautions for the preservation of the peace, disturbances being apprehended in consequence of a belief of the natives that the pestilence has been purposely imported into the islands.

The British Federal Union of Agricultural Laborers has appointed a committee to make an examination of the Mississippi Valley for the purpose of ascertaining its suitability for settlement by emigrants.

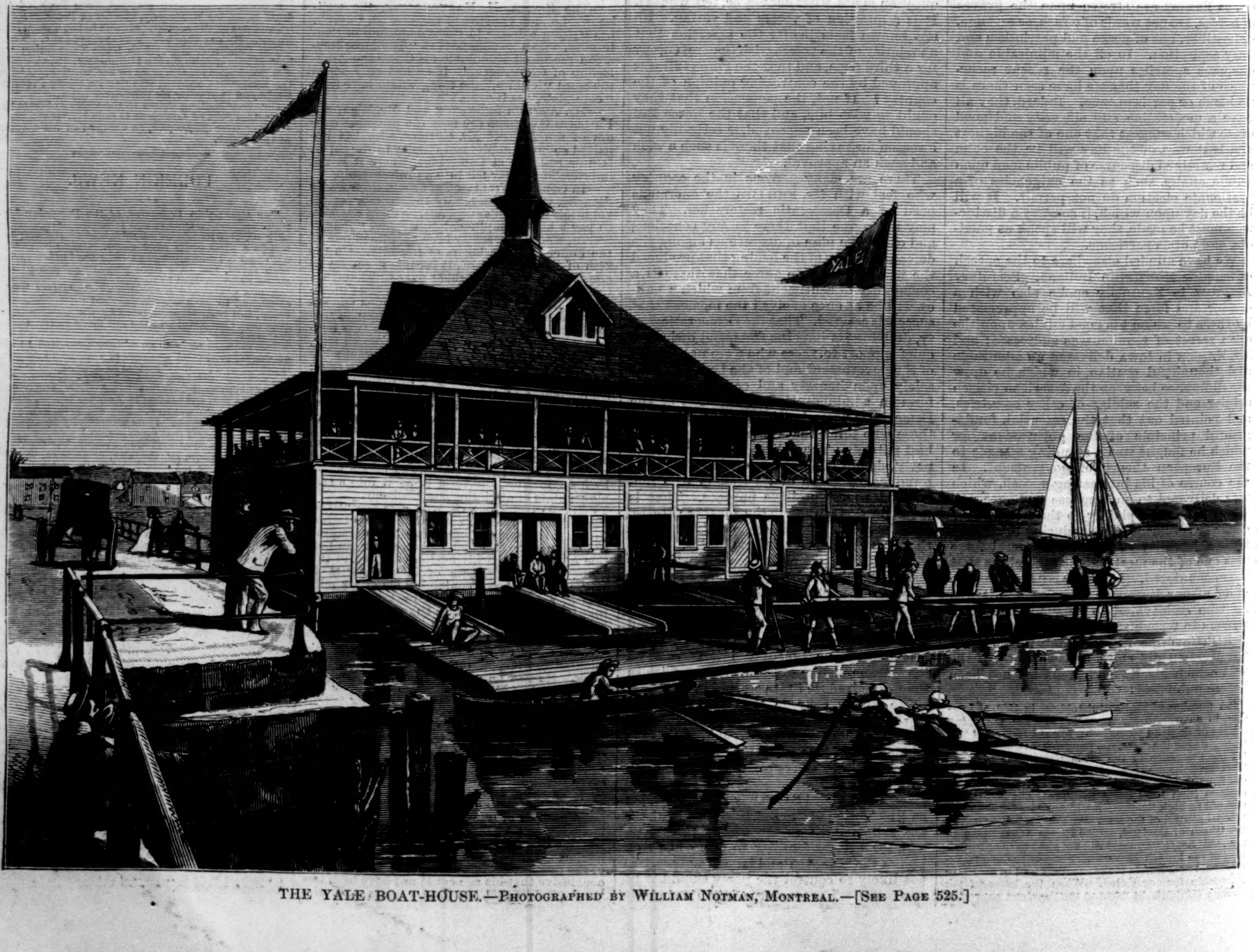
The town of Morschansk, on the river Tzna, in Russia, has been entirely destroyed by fire. It had a population of 20,000, and contained three churches and several manufactories and saw-mills.

A terrible earthquake occurred in New Granada recently, by which 16,000 lives were lost, and great damage done to property.

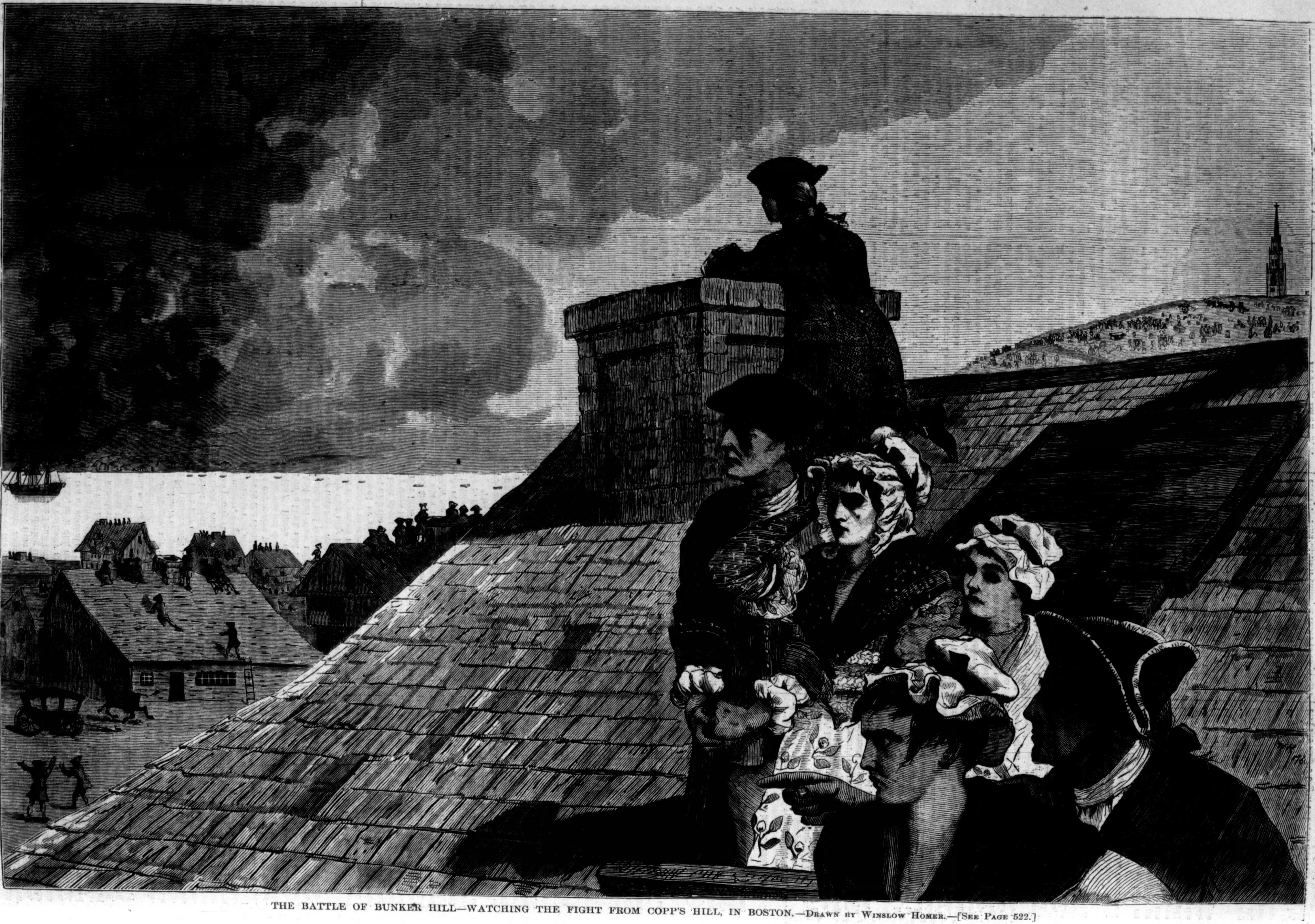
The London *Daily News* reports that a crisis was imminent at Athens, which may result in the abdication of the King. Five Turkish men-of-war have been ordered to cruise in Greek waters. The Russian minister has advised the King not to abdicate without securing the rights of his heir to the throne. The probability of an intervention of the foreign powers is discussed at Athens.



THE COLUMBIA BOAT-HOUSE.—FROM A DRAWING BY THE ARCHITECT, JOHN C. BABCOCK.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE YALE BOAT-HOUSE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLIAM NOTMAN, MONTREAL.—[SEE PAGE 525.]



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL—WATCHING THE FIGHT FROM COPP'S HILL, IN BOSTON.—DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

THE "CATHOLIC VOTE."

The growth of a clerical Democratic party among us, designed to advance the political objects of the Papal Church, has been so rapid or so silent that it has escaped general observation, and many of our intelligent contemporaries still refuse to believe that the contest between ultramontanism and human progress, which is agitating almost every other country, has also to be decided in our midst; that we too, like Brazil, Mexico, Guatemala, Germany, Italy, and France, must defend our free institutions against the malevolence of the Roman Curia, and are in plain danger from that blind fanaticism which has ever sacrificed the peace of nations to the supremacy of a single creed. There is, indeed, something singularly repulsive to us as Americans in the notion of a political contest of which religion is the chief impulse. We had hoped that the liberal provisions of our Constitution and laws had forever stilled the strife of rival sects. But that hope must be now at last abandoned. The strict union between our Democratic party leaders and the Roman Catholics has become so plain that even their own Legislatures submit to be threatened and intimidated by the papal journals, and seem able to refuse nothing to the foreign priest. The first instance of this was in the city and State of New York; and the enormous robberies of the public treasuries committed by the new alliance, and the great sums granted to Roman Catholic seminaries and convents by our Democratic masters, showed how perfectly they were ruled by the foreign Church. During the reign of Tweed and his allies the power of the papacy in our city was almost supreme. The press was silenced, the people overawed. If any writer ventured to express his disgust at the strange transfer of papal morals and manners to an American metropolis, he was assailed by ribald journals and all the gross license of a *Catholic World*. If he persisted, he was threatened with secret or open violence. Assassination was held up before him in frequent letters. He who assailed the political supremacy of the Papal Church in New York in 1870 was in as real danger from its cruel fanaticism as if he were in Rome itself; and the fearful barbarism and degradation of our Roman Catholic rulers were shown in the fact that they cultivated among their followers the practice of intimidation and terror. It was the custom with those miscreants to threaten the lives of persons who opposed them.

These men were sustained and kept in power by the "solid, unbroken Catholic vote," and it was soon discovered that their papal masters had one plain object in view—the ruin of the common schools. This they attempted, under the patronage of Bishop, now Cardinal, M'Closkey, by establishing a rival system at the cost of the city. Had they remained much longer in power, they would have effected their aim. But those who had for some time studied the conduct of the ultramontane faction among us also observed that it had long shown a guarded hostility against our republic itself, and had resolved to change the form and spirit of our government. This was what was naturally to be looked for. Ten, or even twenty, years ago the world seemed fast sinking into despotism, and the Papal Church was every where the bitterest foe of every form of human freedom. A republic in the New World seemed to excite the people of Europe with dangerous aspirations. Its example was odious to tyrannous popes or despotic kings, and hence the "solid, unbroken Catholic vote" must be used for its destruction. The rebellion of 1861 tested the loyalty of the Papal Church, and it was found that the foreign priesthood were uniformly the defenders of slavery, if not of disunion, and that their ignorant followers were being tempted into treason. The city of New York has for many years been the centre of the ultramontane faction among us, and, like Belgium or France, has been ruled by the "solid, unbroken Catholic vote." It is in New York, therefore, that we can best discover the aims of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; and a careful study of their conduct here shows that they have not only labored to destroy the common schools, but the Union itself. Until 1861 the "solid, unbroken Catholic vote" had been given to the cause of slavery, its natural exponents, the two Woods, Kernan, Hoffman, Tweed, Sweeny, and their allies, had diligently used every means to maintain the ascendency of the slave-holders in the nation, and at the opening of the rebellion New York was plainly in the hands of men who avowed their sympathy with Davis and their close alliance with the South.

The enraged people terrified them into silence or submission. For a moment the "Catholic vote" was powerless. Even Fernando Wood and Kernan showed a brief loyalty to the Union; but it was only for a moment, nor could they, had they desired it, have resisted the strong exterior influence that now governed the "Catholic vote." The Pope was the only European ruler who ventured to offer Davis an open recognition. The papal courtiers of the French Empress surrounded themselves with the adherents of American slavery. Archbishop Hughes demanded, in his letter to the *Tribune*, the cessation of the war. And when disaster and dismay fell upon the Union forces, the "Catholic vote" in New York—for it is here that we can best study the ultramontane movement among us—was once more aimed at the ruin of freedom. Its leaders in Congress, Wood and Kernan, were never weary of assailing the "Cæsarism" and "usurpations" of Lincoln, and inciting their followers to the overthrow of Republican despotism. They sighed, evidently, for the mild rule of Davis and Beauregard. At last a decisive moment arrived, when the effect of their teachings had nearly proved the ruin of the republic. The draft riots of 1863 must be necessarily ascribed to the peculiar politics of the "Catholic vote." The Irish Catholics were the only portion of our people in the Free States that actually rose in rebellion; and had Governor Seymour's attempt to remove the Republican Police Commissioners at that moment been successful, the city of New York must have been held at least for a time by the emissaries of Davis. A universal sack must have followed, and a shock have been given to the stability of the nation which Gettysburg could scarcely have repaired.

Again our ultramontane population was awed into submission by severe executions, and Wood, Seymour, and Kernan, the representatives of the "Catholic vote," were forced to content themselves with subdued murmurs against the "usurpations" of the administration and the rigor of Grant. But the "Catholic vote" survived the rebellion, and was soon employed by its managers in a system of corruption and crime that may well be studied by all other cities that are threatened with a papal rule. Cincinnati and St. Louis may well observe the ultramontane policy in New York. For from 1865 to 1870 the Catholic voters were led in a solid, unbroken body to the polls to place in power men who would advance the interests of the Papal Church, destroy the common schools, and rob the public treasury. The city began to swarm with nuns, monks, and Christian Brothers. Our new cardinal presided over the ultramontane orgy of corruption and crime in a manner that amply satisfied his Roman masters. But the unhappy city pined and withered under the baleful reign of the "Catholic vote." An enormous debt was fastened upon it to satisfy the forgeries and frauds of our ultramontane rulers. Its neglected streets and tottering wharves, its pestilential alleys and crowded tenements, drove commerce and prosperity from their favored seat. Its prisons fell under the care of keepers often more dangerous to society than those they professed to guard. Its charitable institutions and its homes for the young or the insane were made dens of infamy and oppression. The ultramontane keepers were, apparently not without design, chosen from the most degraded politicians of their party. In one charitable institution they suffered a miserable woman to be eaten by rats. In all, the unfortunate and the helpless were subjected to outrage or neglect. The common schools were studiously discouraged, and rapidly decayed. Meanwhile ultramontane schools and charitable institutions were founded at the public expense, and flourished in lavish opulence in splendid buildings, and were ostentatiously contrasted with the public charities and schools where decay and disorder had been designedly suffered to prevail.

Such was the condition of the city in 1870 and 1871 under the reign of corruption produced by the "Catholic vote." Recent revelations, so slowly unfolded, throw a strange light upon the private occupations at this time of the ultramontane leaders. Connolly, Tweed, and Sweeny are seen sitting in their inner office wrangling over the division of their plunder. Governor and Mayor, judges, legislators, officials, are all at their disposal. They endow Catholic schools. They liberally disperse their bribes. They rob, forge, squander. A fearful dread hangs over them, but they are sure of the "Catholic vote," and threaten their foes with ruin. No Democrat ventures to oppose them. Nor does Tilden, Kernan, or O'Conor break the unaccountable silence. But once more the people rose in a fierce revolt against their tormentors. The gallantry of the Orangemen showed that they at least were resolved to submit no longer to ultramontane tyranny. A new battle of the Boyne was fought in our streets. A courageous newspaper assailed the ultramontane forgers and peculators. The pencil of a brilliant artist helped to save New York from bankruptcy and shame. A man of rare financial ability restored its failing revenues. A better administration has prevailed for two years. Yet once again we have fallen into the hands of the managers of the "Catholic vote." At the recent election the people sank into apathy, the Americans and Germans were disunited, and Tammany Hall rose into power by the aid of the whole ultramontane faction and the folly of our divided citizens. The men who had once voted for Tweed and Sweeny now supported their natural successors, and fifty or sixty thousand of the most faithful adherents of Cardinal M'Closkey or Pius IX. chose the Mayor and public officials of New York. As might not have been unlooked for, they opened the election-day with a horrible murder. A band of the adherents of Tammany Hall, armed and violent, paraded our streets, and shot one of their opponents in open day. One ruffian fired a pistol three times at the murdered man as he lay upon the ground. The shade of the dead M'Kenna still hovers unavenged over the meetings of Tammany Hall, and the sachems and satellites of that Catholic club may well tremble at the name. By the "Costigan bill" our Catholic rulers planned a new robbery of the city, which was happily prevented by a chain of fortunate circumstances.

This brief sketch will serve to show the necessary condition of a community ruled by the "Catholic vote." The story of New York may be read with instruction by all its sister cities. A "Catholic vote" will every where produce its Tweeds and Connollys, thievish officials or murderous politicians, with unfailing regularity. Blind fanaticism when it mingles in politics is certain to choose for its leaders the shameless and the corrupt. Yet to win the support of blind fanaticism the Democratic leaders are willing to forget that they are Americans, and join with the enemies of education and of freedom. It is not difficult to foresee what must be the final fate of this unholy league; nor will Americans long endure the rude virulence of the ultramontanes, or the base servility of their political chiefs.

Eugene Lawrence.

A LAST CARD.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

In a cañon of the Sierras, nobody knows how many thousand feet above the level of the sea, and shut away from the outer world by impenetrable snows during the last six months, was the Camp of the Dead-beats.

It was a curiosity among camps, hanging on the rocks, as it did, nearly up and down in the air; but as several of the inhabitants would have been hanging quite up and down in the air if Justice had her due, it was accepted as an agreeable substitute.

Not that the camp of the Dead-beats had begun life with that sad title, however. Far from it. It had as high hopes as the rest of the world in the beginning. When the first claim was staked out, Jo Rogers, the inspiring soul of the crowd, had gallantly christened it Camp Topside Galow, and the miners had laid out their work in a spirit that bade fair to fulfill his prediction. But the heartiest spirit needs some reality to sustain itself upon; and after a little the find had panned out so poorly that a gradual depression fell upon the miners, as gently as the snow was falling on the heights that surrounded them and lost themselves in the clouds, till they were all, in Jo Rogers's expressive phrase, as blue as whetstones; and he was not slow to sharpen his wits on them. "Blue? Blue's no color to you," said Jo. "You're black and blue."

And well they might be. The gold, whose blossoms had promised so well, had come to little or nothing; and that first snow, which fell so gently that they hardly knew it was falling, had filled the passes far and wide, imprisoning them as securely as stone walls could do, and had been followed by snow upon snow, till, as, disheartened with the prospects of their work, they began to look about them, it seemed to the miners that they were buried alive.

But little snow had fallen in their cañon, indeed, and much of that had gradually worn away, yet when they had made excursions in any direction for a mile or two, they encountered fine drifts of blowing snow-dust that were impassable, and they returned to their camp in desperation, only to find their pans frozen and work impossible. The state of their provisions had long since threatened famine, and there was no way of getting any more. Beans had vanished with coffee; the little Jew's chickens had taken the wings of the dove; hard-tack had followed suit. They made common cause, and lived on an allowance of salt and bitter beef, and now and then they grubbed for some root or other in the crevices or in the wet places beneath that had escaped the frost, but where not even a camas bulb could flourish. At length a dreadful rumor went about. "The whisky," said Old Peachblow, hoarsely, "is on the point of petering out. It is a-drying up, Sir. There's a bottle of Richardson's Bitters in the camp, and that's all." The whisky was gone, and they were lost indeed.

They knew, of course, that spring would come, and whisky with it, that with the blowing of April flowers the mountain-dew would be once more distilled into their demijohns, but it was hard to keep their faith always alive even as to the coming of spring. In the gloom of the dreary camp they would not have believed that the earth continued to turn round but for the regularity of day and night. Yet it couldn't be but the snows would melt and they would get out, or some pack-mule would find its way up to them. "Wait, horse, till the grass grows," Old Peachblow—so called in reference to the ruddy prominence of his countenance—would remark when he heard Jo Rogers say as much. They had not seen a woman, a child, a flower, for six months—not that either of the three was once mentioned or bemoaned among them. They had not received a mail in all that time; they had no news of the way the world was going; and they were as thoroughly disorganized as half of any living thing would be without its other half—its better half in this case, certainly, it was to be hoped.

With all this, though a desperate, they were by no means a penniless, crew. There was as much "perilous stuff" in the camp now as at the beginning—a little more, since the mining had made some slight return; and it would have required genius to dissipate it where there was nothing to dissipate it on. Once or twice, indeed, when any individual was seen to be more dispirited than was becoming, Jo Rogers collected gratuities from the find of one and another and planted the collection in some suitable portion of the claim belonging to the downcast man; but it all slowly gravitated toward one fixed point again, and accumulated itself in the hands of Old Peachblow's partner, and there it rested. It is true that on several occasions the banker let a little of this capital out, since it was found at last quite impossible to play a round game any more with an appetite and nothing but promises; for when one lost a good deal and paid in promises, and then won a little and was paid back a few of the promises, and then lost some more, and lost rashly, with the indefinite postponement of the day of reckoning, the affair grew too complicated for computation. As for Jo Rogers, he stood Old Peachblow's partner in for something like a million; and the amount of this airy indebtedness abroad in the camp would have floated the national debt. "Don't know," said Jo, "as I care to get away—mortgaged for life to Peach's partner. Grab mortgage, and no redemption." But sooner or later the amount thus let out trickled back to its original source, and nobody regretted it very much while conscious that at need Old Peachblow's partner would always do the handsome thing.

But without luck as the camp was, without news, without food, without whisky, it was nevertheless not without one crowning misfortune that came to make the rest seem small—the scurvy. And when it came, it came to stay, Old Peachblow (who had known the thing on shipboard) cheerfully assured them. They had no medicines, such articles as were in the shape of tinctures, extracts, infusions, bitters, having been rapidly absorbed, with all sorts of results, upon the disappearance of the whisky. Tad Evans, sometimes called the Doctor, had been found the mere wreck of himself after following a draught of rhubarb cordial with one of sirup of ipecac, and rectifying the compound from a burning bottle of Radway's Ready Relief; while Jo warned every body not to strike a match in the neighborhood of Old Peachblow, who had just finished the camphene, unless they wished him to go off. "And we can't spare Old Peach yet," said Jo, "even to make a burning and shining light of him."

When at last the tobacco gave out, Old Peachblow's partner solaced himself for a while from a box of mandrake pills, husbanding them carefully, and one at a time rolling them under his tongue as a sweet morsel in the place of his fine-cut; but, in spite of geometry, that pill-box came to an end, and there was nothing left to do but play an even game with time. "Go day, come day, God send Sunday," said Jo. They continued their loose and irregular prospecting as well as they were able from day to day, with its unsatisfactory issues; they fell back for amusement on their soiled packs of cards, and on the tremendous and impossible romances concerning their past lives, which they had told so often that they really believed them true; sometimes they only lay in their cabins and cursed the light, cursed the grandeur of the scenery too, and would have changed the brightest peak above them for any hay-cock in a meadow. How bright, how bright and cruel, were those icy heights above in the sunshine, wrapped in rainbow glories, the rose and gold of the morning, the scarlet and purple of sunset, the phantom-like folds of night, lonely and chill in their monstrous life! And when the clouds rolled round them, filling the black chasms with their thick white volumes, turbid with storm, despair itself settled in the narrow cañon like a pall. "There's one mercy, though, we ain't thankful enough for," said Jo. "I've heard say the hardest hand dealt is perpetual itching without the privilege of scratching. Well—we've got the privilege."

Jo, in fact, was all that kept the spirits of these poor fellows above the suicidal point. Suicide was not a word they ever said in their thoughts, to be sure, but they were fast getting into that state when suicide speaks for itself. Jo used to go about from one to another for the sake of a social scratch, as he called it. At one time he proposed a scratching match, or, again, a scratch race, adjuring all to come to the scratch or be scratched from the ticket. "I'd give more ounces than I shall ever have," said Jo, "for one drink of that old sulphur spring up in the High-field pasture at home. Nasty? I believe you! And so's the scurvy! I've followed it up by the reeds, Sir, to its pool with the blue-flies darting over it, and the water-snake looking out of it—if 'twas a snake, and not a bit of root bobbing on the spring—"

"Healthy old snake!" said Tad.

"The old sarpint himself, maybe—by his liking for brimstone," remarked Old Peachblow.

"Well, then, it counts me in, for many's the stone I've shied at him. Lord! how long ago that was! Well, I used to think 'twas ditch-water then, Sir; but I sorter hanker after some of it now."

"'Tain't ditch-water I hanker after," said Old Peachblow.

"Maybe it's snakes you hanker after," said Jo, slyly.

"Oh, sho! quit yer fooling! I'll take my chance for snakes with the best of yer! If it hadn't been for you fellers," said Old Peachblow, with a trembling voice, "I'd 'a been washing tailings with my pard over in the Widow's Cruse, and 'a made my pile and lit out long ago. To think of the gravel that's running to waste over there!"

"And 'quick' too, Peachy," said Tad.

"And 'quick' too," said Peachblow, as if nothing had been said. For the allusion was to the greatest exploit of Peachblow's life, when, conjecturing the waste of quicksilver by a certain company's works, he had taken the company's empty flasks, and using them as retorts, in conjunction with the wet earth, had gathered the precious material, and sold back to the company their own quicksilver in their own flasks, till discovered and driven from the claim with no reward for his ingenuity. "Been using my discovery again if I hadn't cast in my lot with you fellers."

"That's so," said Jo. "Old Peach has stuck to his friends—as long as they stuck to pay dirt."

"As long as 'twas Topside Galow with us," said Tad, who, lying on his face and playing cards with himself, was secretly and delightedly dealing a better card to his right hand than his left.

"But now we're reg'lar Dead-beats," whimpered Peachblow; "and that's the name we'll be known by."

"Come now, old man, don't you go back on us," cried Jo. "If you go under, we'll all go with you. It'll be a blamed fine look-out for the pony express to come up and find us every one with our throats cut. Dead-beats be blowed! They'll call us then, as far as the dust flies, the Camp of the Cut-throats! The Camp of the Cut-throats! That's a deuced pretty character to give us. And the pony express is coming!"

"So's Christmas," said Old Peachblow.

"Well, when it comes, we'll keep it. Keep it?" said Jo, with a great laugh. "It'll be the only thing we've contrived to keep. Keep Christmas? I ain't kept the day since I left old Newbury."

And so the long, the dreadful winter crept by, and the snows began to break and soft wet winds to blow; and when the freed and swollen streams came whistling down, and life began to stir in the earth, the tide was ebbing fast in the veins of these disconsolate wretches, who saw the splendor burning on the peaks above and the shadows deepening in the black bristling gorge below with equal indifference. The little Jew was dead; Old Peachblow was very low, his partner not much better; and the rest of the camp were alive, and that was all. When the way might have been clear at last, for all they knew, there was not a man among them with strength or will enough to carry down a cry for help, and they waited for the express to come up. "If he don't come soon," said Jo—"if he don't come soon, Sir, he'll only find a place of skulls when he does come. Every man his own grave-stone. For I'll be eternally" (it is of no use to say just what Jo said) "if there's one of us here now can put the other out of sight."

But he did come soon—soon as passes were clear and torrents were fordable; for he was an old comrade, and suspected how the case might be with them. Feeble were the hurrahs that greeted the first imagined glimpse of him on a far-away ledge from those who had crept to the outlook, losing sight of him with sinking hearts, finding him again as large as life; and when at last he rode clattering into camp, the men who met him greeted him with bursting tears. "Wet place," said Jo, seeing not one but twenty expresses at the moment. "Tie your hankercher round your throat, Doctor; it's too damp here to be wholesome." As soon, however, as the moisture disappeared, a different sort of moisture replaced it from the just arrived canteen; and presently the drooping spirits were looking up brightly, as weeds after a summer shower; and then the express rider gazed about him, and exploded into a storm of oaths at the condition of the camp.

"Durned fools! when yere's the mud springs not a mile below," said he. "Come, buckle on yer harness," he said, after the fashion of the old knight-errant, whom the pony express modernizes. "By the looks of yer in the lot, there's no time to lose; and we'll plant yer, and see what'll sprout."

"Old rye if you plant Peach," said Jo.

"Green sarse for Jo," feebly sighed Peach. "But when you plant me," added the poor Sadducee, very near his end, "nothing 'll ever come up."

"Old Peach 's on his last legs," said Tad.

"All I ever had, first or last," retorted Peach, gamely.

So there were the mud springs, and had been all winter—a remedy for their bitterest ailments close at hand—on the shelf, as you might say—and they had known nothing of it.

"Don't believe it," murmured Peachblow. "We'd 'a sensed it before if it had been."

"Hurt nobody to try," said Jo.

"Oh, drowning men," said the Doctor, "catch at straws."

"Drinking men do, I know," said Jo. "God! Peach, we'll be there, with our heels up, at the Cliff House, swinking our cobblers, with the wind from the sea in our faces, before we know it, now."

"Too late for me," sighed Peach. "'Tain't worth the trouble."

"Sure cure, or your money back," urged Jo. "Here, Peach, old boy, swaller this, and you'll be all right."

"Thank you," said Peach, in a whisper—"thank you, Jo. It's—it's very nice paregoric."

"Lord! Lord!" cried Peachblow's partner, breaking down completely, "when a—when a man don't know old Bourbon from—from paregoric, it's all up with him!" And he choked with the sobs he was swallowing with his own refreshment.

But how to get down to this Bethesda, that precipitous mile from the camp, was the question being argued as the express rider made his preparations. "A mule can no more set his feet there," said Jo, "than a camel can enter the kingdom of heaven." A few could laboriously pick their way alone, one could help another, it was true, and those who were too ill for the effort at all might creep along the ledges, and be let down from shelf to shelf in hammocks, if there were any left strong enough to let them down; but as for Old Peachblow, he would be a dead weight the whole way.

"Lemme be," said Peachblow, with a weak ejaculation. "You g'long and lemme be. I can die in peace anyways, 'thout you fellers a-pecking at me. You just—leave the flask—and leave me."

"You just wait here till we do," said Jo.

"'Tain't no use, Jo," said Old Peach, trying to rise on one arm, and falling limply back. "I'm too far gone for these yer mud-spring miracles. Go on, boys, and don't mind me. You needn't be slinging a hammock," he cried, with a flash of energy. "I—I sha'n't put up with it!"

"How yer going to help it?" said Tad.

"This way," said Peachblow, and his shaking hand drew the little Derringer from under the blanket, and dropped it half-way up.

Jo laughed, perhaps to hide something else. "'Twon't go off, Peach," he said. "This camp's too darned wretched for that little joker to be in trim."

"Look a here, gentlemen," said a third party then, "let's stop this blowing. If Mr. Peachblow don't want to go down to yer cure, he shall stay here. Pack up the traps and march. I shall stay with him." And Mr. Peachblow's partner sat down at his feet, and defied the camp.

For all answer to this, Jo caught up the cause of the discussion with his well arm, and slung him over his shoulder like a sack, and started off on the downward path with a will, but in a few moments reeled and staggered and dropped in his tracks; and Mr. Peachblow and Mr. Peachblow's partner had their own way for the present, and were left with their rations "till called for," as the express rider said when helping Jo himself down the break-neck path, as the Camp of the Dead-beats broke up.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the bottom of the cañon and came out through a defile to the plain where the mud springs bubbled. A great fire was built, and the necessary measures were rapidly taken by those who were able to take them at all, and by the time the stars began to come out, Jo Rogers and the rest were safely imbedded to their necks in the healing mud, and the express rider was sitting guard over them, reading aloud, by the light of his fire, this scrap and the other from the newspapers that he had brought up with him—gradually more and more intermittent in voice, now yawning, now nodding, now fast asleep.

It was certainly an awesome scene. The long valley, whose deep sides shut them in, grew blacker and blacker with shadows; the great mountains seemed to crowd upon them more and more closely, their peaks just divined, now a blacker blackness on the sky, now glittering at some angle to a star, silent and vast sentinels; the air was full of a sweet and soothing murmur, the noise of multitudinous water-falls; but once in a while there rose above that murmur a long, harp, lonely cry, the howl of the mountain wolf.

As Jo heard that sound, he shivered in spite of his surroundings. Yes, it was indeed an awesome scene. Far up in the heights above twinkled the little fire where one dying man sat and watched another. Near at hand their own fire only cleft the darkness that seemed to come up shuddering round it, and lay with a ghastly flicker on the gaunt and terrible faces ranged before it. And then that long howl of the wolf; as Jo heard it again he made a superhuman effort, and set one arm free; they never should be unable to tell whether the mud springs cured the scurvy or not because the wolves came down and ate Jo Rogers's head off, at any rate! "'Twould be the scurviest story to take home to old Newbury," said Jo to himself. And then, rolling his eyes on this side and on that, as well as he could he gazed about him, and as he gazed the darkness and the desolation entered into his soul. "Busted!" said Jo. "Yes, by George, busted!"

Perhaps he could have chosen no word more appropriate for his epitaph at that moment, when he was acting out his prophecy of a few hours since, declaring every man his own grave-stone, for his hopes had gone up buoyantly as so many bubbles, and this was the end of them all. Fragments of those hopes came floating through his mind now: the day, twenty-five years ago or more, when, walking out over the lonely Highfield pastures, which looked like the leavings at creation, mossed over now, but where not even a sheep would find nibbling, he revolved the stories men were telling of the golden land, and balanced the difference between his youth and energy there and here—there picking treasure from the wealthy rocks, ease secured before his prime; here wringing a beggar's pittance from stingy soil, wasting life in a hand-to-hand struggle with want. He remembered what a passion there was throughout all the old Newbury region concerning this California story, what marvels were recited, what a new crusade it was, how wildly the men's hearts beat, and the blood in the boy's veins coursed like fever! He saw again the day that he went down to the Port, and, with his hands in his pockets, whistling "Roll on, silver moon," looked the old "ark" over, the ship that was soon to sail out of the Merrimac carrying one of the first of the great parties that thronged to the fabulous shores which held gold and silver for the taking—the ship that carried him! He felt again the plunge his pulses gave as he resolved to sell the little farm in Newbury, the worthless Highfield pasture among its desolate hills and downfalls, where he had watched the blue-flies darting over the sulphur pool, to leave the meadows with their sweet levels green and gold in the sunlight—to leave sweet Nancy Poore. He recalled the long and dreary voyage, tossing from sea to sea, from storm to storm—as he had been tossing ever since, in fact; and then, as he dwelt on his experiences, one by one they started up before him: the buffetings of twenty-five years from diggings to diggings, from claim to claim; to-day competency under his hand, to-morrow a beggar beginning life again. Now he forsakes the rough mining, and runs an express himself up among the hills, and one bitter night, overtaken by the snow and lost among the whirling drifts, kills his horses and lies between them for warmth enough to keep his heart beating; now he is back with pan and shovel again at Gopher Gulch, in torment with shakes and cholagogue, and while he shakes, his claim is jumped, and he is on the world again; now up in Wasatch he finds a rich pocket and makes his pile, and going coastward with a crew of good fellows, is robbed and all but murdered, and left for dead; now, nothing discouraged, he is at work with a gang at the Bonanzita Placers, turning the course of a river from its bed, and just as he begins to scoop up the gravel, that is half gold, by the bucketful, down comes a mountain torrent and undoes the whole year's work. Once in a while he has a letter from some of the people among the old Highfield farms; once in a while a Newburyport *Herald* takes the wings of the United States mail and seeks him out. He is always on the point of luck; he is always meaning to go back for pretty Nancy Poore. Fortune seems to fly just before him; he has his hand upon her, and off she goes. He has been half scalped by the Indians; he has undertaken to furnish game to a San Francisco hotel, and a panther has laid his paw on him, crushing in his ribs like paper; he has ventured all he has in a new process for desulphurizing ores, and lost the last dime. "You bet!" said Jo to himself; "all that, and more. A grizzly has chawed me up, poker has laid me flat, and here I am at last, twenty-five years out of the Highfields, in a hollow of the hills, without a second shirt to my back, without a red, half dead with scurvy, at the mercy of that howling coyote, and up to my chin in the mud."

What irony of fate was it which at that instant blew across Jo's face and within reach of his freed hand the newspaper that the express rider had dropped? He detained it idly, as it would have fluttered on; and just then a brand broke and sent up a brighter flame, and his eye fell on this passage: "The yield of the lately discovered silver mines in the Highfield district of Newbury is said to rival that of any of the famous Comstock lodes. Old miners, familiar with the ores of Mexico and of the Pacific coast, are flocking to the region, and, amazed with its richness, are prospecting—"

Just then the blaze went out. "Busted, by ——!" said Jo. "I've sold my birthday for a mess of potash!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

When the hot sultry days of summer burst upon us there comes also the annual fear of epidemic diseases, particularly cholera, yellow fever, and small-pox. The history of past epidemics teaches one great practical lesson—that general sanitary measures enforced throughout a city, and individual attention to matters pertaining to health, are the chief conditions of safety. Thorough cleanliness, pure air, unpolluted water, and wholesome food—these are things essential in a large city to prevent any insidious swift-spreading disease from taking root and becoming a desolating scourge. Yet the diseases most dreaded are not always the most deadly. In 1873 yellow fever was the cause of 3397 deaths in the United States, and a general panic was the result, and in some parts of the country business was paralyzed for a time; but the 9200 deaths from various malarial fevers during the same period of that year did not create any general disturbance. During the year 1873 3825 persons died of cholera, while 20,000 died in the same period from diarrhœa, dysentery, and cholera infantum. Consequently, although much popular fear is awakened in regard to such epidemics as yellow fever and cholera, other diseases are really more desolating. Wherever stringent sanitary measures have been adopted in good season, or rather where they are constantly enforced, there is comparatively little danger of a spreading pestilence. But if streets are uncleaned, if drainage is defective, if tenement-houses are filthy and overcrowded, if the air is polluted by standing garbage, stagnant pools, or noxious odors of any nature, the residents of any city may well live in apprehensive terror of epidemics and pestilential scourges. Two years ago, when the yellow fever invaded Memphis, there were something like 7000 cases in the city. In New Orleans, a city with four times the number of inhabitants, and, from its more southern situation, exposed to greater danger, only 388 cases of fever occurred. But the New Orleans Board of Health took the most vigorous measures to improve the sanitary condition of the city, and by its energy and persistence warded off the horrors of a universal pestilence. Memphis, on the contrary, was in a wretched condition. There was no proper system of sewerage, alleys and obscure streets were left uncleaned, and the cistern water in general use was filled with impurities. Every condition was favorable to the spread of the fever, and its ravages were terrible. Such facts show conclusively the value and the necessity of efficient sanitary measures in every city, especially in the summer season.

During the past month the Department of Buildings has made a complete survey of the city churches, with special reference to their means of egress in case of fire, or panic from any cause. Their report is to the effect that in most cases ample means of exit exist. In every instance where the inspectors found doors opening inwardly, they have given instructions to have them altered promptly. Some other changes have also been required by the inspectors for the purpose of securing safety.

In view of repeated accidents, by which members of college rowing crews have been drowned, the suggestion which has been made, that all young men who spend so much of their time on the water should know how to swim, is worthy of attention. Such a precaution is only the simplest prudence.

The famous class which was graduated at Bowdoin College in 1825 will hold its Semi-Centennial about the 8th of next July. Among the distinguished men of that class may be mentioned Hawthorne, Longfellow, John S. C. Abbott, George B. Cheever, Jonathan Cilley, W. Pitt Fessenden, Calvin Stowe, and many others who have won fame by their career.

According to Kansas papers, a new kind of fly has put in an appearance in that State, which finds its special mission in the destruction of grasshoppers. It deposits its eggs upon the grasshopper, and these develop into grubs, which eat into the grasshopper's vitals. The appearance of this fly is regarded as most encouraging for the people of Kansas.

It is claimed that no edifice in this city is built with greater solidity than the Masonic Temple. One of the stones used in its construction weighs nineteen and a half tons, and many other large stones several tons in weight were placed in the walls of the first story. As the superstructure was destined to be so massive, the foundations had to be constructed with great care.

It is said that Boston has not been lighted up since the great fire of 1872 as it will be lighted on the evening of the 17th of June. Public squares will be hung with Chinese lanterns, long lines of lanterns will be hung on yards and masts of government vessels, and gas pipes have been run up on public buildings like lightning-rods. Some timid and careful persons fear lest the illumination be more extensive than is designed.

Every boy in Prussian schools goes through a regular course of gymnastic training. A similar system has been adopted throughout the whole of Germany and Austria.

A bronze statue of Dr. Horace Wells, the discoverer of anesthesia, has just been completed, and will soon be erected in the City Park at Hartford.

The *Germanic*, a new steam-ship of the White Star Line, recently made her first trip from Liverpool. She has accommodations for 170 cabin and 1100 steerage passengers. All the arrangements and appliances of the steamer are very complete. The saloon is elegantly furnished, and revolving chairs are substituted for the usual settees. There are six bridal chambers; and the ladies' saloon and cabin, the smoking-room, and berths in the first-class department are supplied with electric bells, affording instant communication with the steward.

Few people have any idea of the extent of forest land in Germany, and most imagine that little is left of the Black Forest. On the contrary, in Hanover alone there are 900,000 acres of wood under state management, while nearly a fourth part of the area of Prussia is in forest, although half of that is in private hands. As is well known, the forest administration in particular districts has long been famous, especially in Thuringia and the Harz Mountains. In North Germany generally the responsibilities are allotted in districts among a carefully organized body of officers, presided over by a forest director.

Every year 220,000 quires of carefully prepared paper are consumed in the printing of Bank of England notes.

At a spelling match in Hartford, Connecticut, Mark Twain introduced the orthographical solemnities with a few remarks, in the course of which he said:

"I don't see any use in spelling a word right, and never did. I mean I don't see any use in having a uniform and arbitrary way of spelling words. We might as well make all clothes alike and cook all dishes alike. Sameness is tiresome; variety is pleasing. I have a correspondent whose letters are always a refreshment to me, there is such a breezy, unfettered originality about his orthography. He always spells Kow with a large K. Now that is just as good as to spell it with a small one. It is better. It gives the imagination a broader field, a wider scope. It suggests to the mind a grand, vague, impressive, new kind of cow. Superb effects can be produced by variegated spelling."

Out of 622 applicants to the College of the City of New York, only 434 were found to be eligible—some being too young, and others deficient in the required studies.

The members of the New York Chamber of Commerce have determined to erect a suitable building in which merchants can meet and transact their commercial business; and as the present Post-office will soon be vacated, they propose to purchase that site and erect thereon a magnificent edifice. As soon as the purchase can be satisfactorily arranged between the government and the Chamber, work will be commenced on the new building. It is now expected that the new Post-office will be ready for occupancy in July; and when every thing is moved out of the old building, the work of demolition will begin. The new building will be known as the "Merchants' Exchange." The lower floor will be devoted to a business exchange; there will also be a large hall for public meetings, a hall for the Commercial Library, rooms for the Court of Arbitration, and for members of the Chamber.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irish couple, a few evenings since, at about nine o'clock, rang the door-bell of one of the Protestant parsons of our city. The door was opened by the clergyman, who, on inquiring what they wanted, was informed by Michael that he and Bridget came to be married. "But why," asked the parson, "don't you go to the priest?" "And sure we did," said Michael, "and he tould us to go to the divil, and so we came to you."

AGRICULTURAL JOKES.

Large horses are generally most admired by farmers; but farmers are most admired who *pony* up.

Prosperity is generally based upon knowledge and industry: the swine will always get most that *nose* most.

Farmers are like fowls: neither will get full *crops* without industry.

Because a man who attends a flock of sheep is a shepherd, makes it no reason that a man who keeps cows should be a *coward*.

We like to see a farmer increase the growth of useful plants and shrubs around his home, but do not like to see him make use of rails, poles, and boards to *prop-a-gate* with.

Brown, on his first journey per coach, not long ago, worried the driver beside whom he sat with incessant childish questions about every thing on the road. At last he got his quietus thus:

Driver. "There's been a woman lying in that house more than a month, and they haven't buried her yet."

Brown. "Not buried her yet! Pray tell me why not?"

Driver. "Because she isn't dead."

Sydney Smith tells of a maid who used to boil the eggs very well by her master's watch; but one day he could not lend it to her because it was under repair, so she took the time from the kitchen clock, and the eggs came up nearly raw. "Why didn't you take the three minutes from the clock as you do from the watch, Mary?" "Well, Sir, I thought that would be too much, as the hands are so much larger."

A certain clerk in a Western village recently made the following comment on Pocahontas. Said he: "Pocahontas was a great man; Pocahontas was a noble, kind-hearted, and true man." "Hold on," cried his companion; "Pocahontas was a woman." "She was, eh?" said he. "Well, that's just my luck. How am I expected to know? I never read the Bible!"

Before the days of the teetotalers a neighbor of Mr. Bisbee saw that gentleman at an early hour of the day crawling slowly homeward on his hands and knees over the frozen ground. "Why don't you get up and walk, Mr. Bisbee? Why don't you get up and walk?" said his neighbor. "I w-w-would, b-b-but it's so almighty *thin* here that I'm a-a-afraid I shall b-b-break through!"

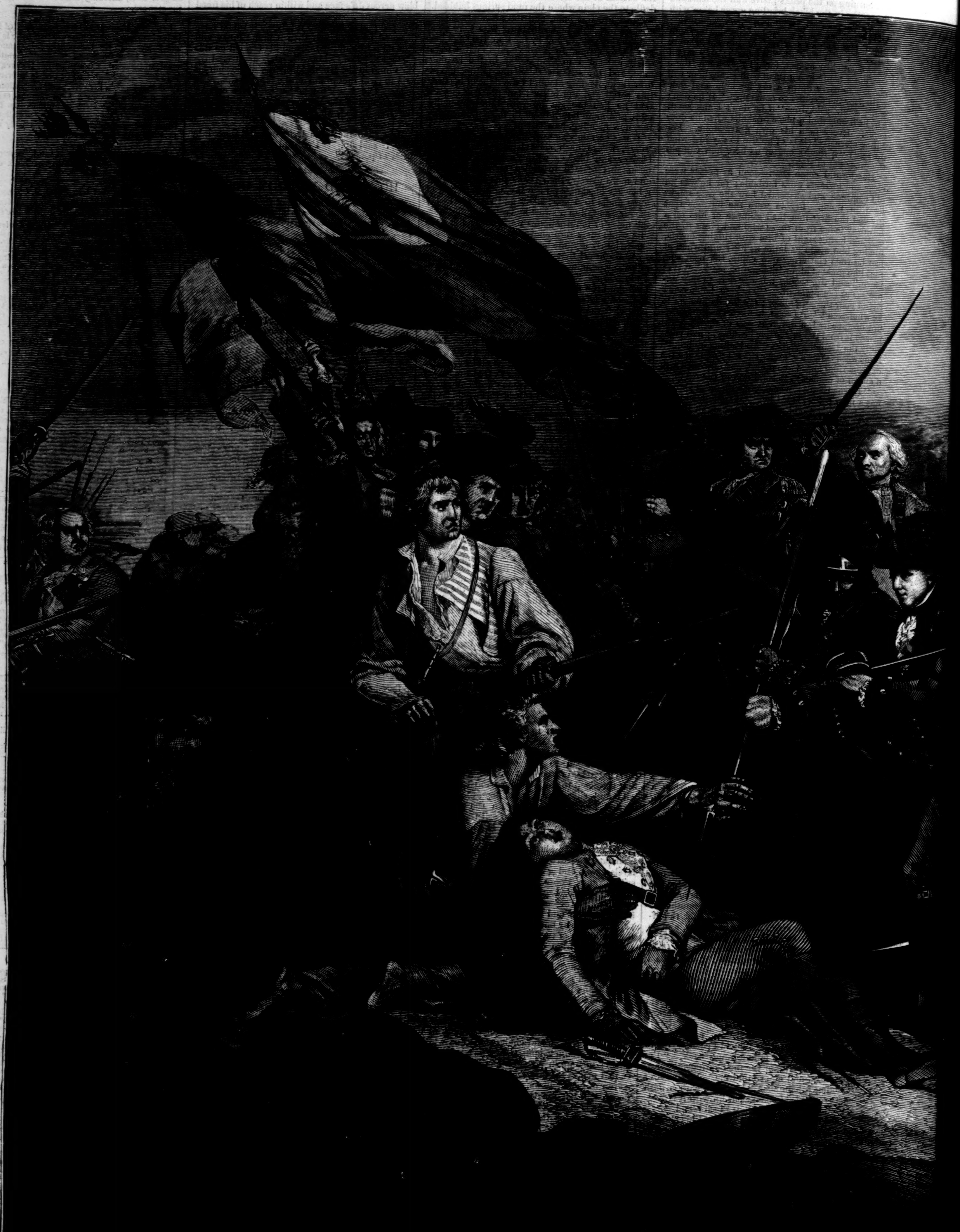
The man who "couldn't find his match" went to bed in the dark.

A lady correspondent, who assumes to know how boys ought to be trained, writes to an exchange as follows: "Oh, mothers! hunt out the soft, tender, genial side of your boy's nature." Mothers often do—with an old shoe—to the boy's benefit.

A Stump Orator—A dentist who talks about himself.

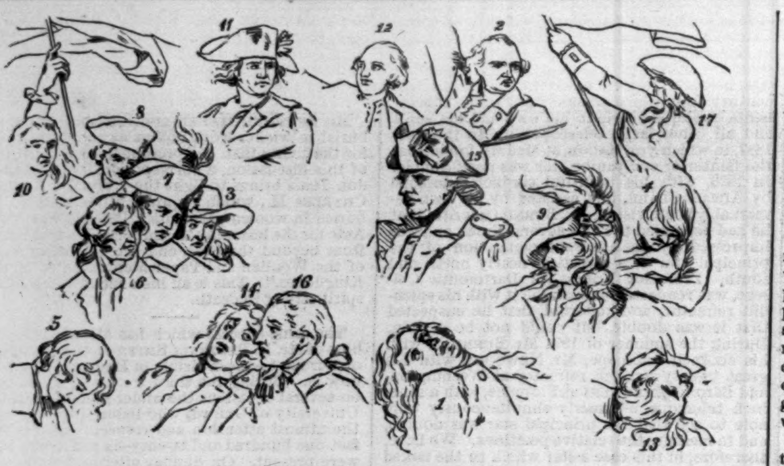
Two countrymen went into a hatter's to buy one of them a hat. They were delighted with the sample, inside the crown of which was inserted a looking-glass. "What is the glass for?" said one of the men. The other, impatient at such a display of rural ignorance, exclaimed, "What for? why, for the man who buys the hat to see how it fits him."

A gentleman, who owns a country-seat, nearly lost his wife, who fell into a river which flows through his estate. He announced the narrow escape to his friends, expecting their congratulations. One of them—an old bachelor—wrote as follows: "I always told you that river was too shallow."



THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.—From

Painting by John Trumbull.—[See Page 522.]



KEY TO DOUBLE-PAGE ENGRAVING.

Americans.—1. General Warren. 2. General Putnam. 3. Colonel Prescott. 4. Colonel Gardner. 5. Lieutenant-Colonel Parker. 6. Major Knowlton. 7. Major M'Clery. 8. Major Moore. 9. Lieutenant Grosvenor. 10. Rev. Mr. M'Clintock.

British.—11. General Howe. 12. General Clinton. 13. Colonel Abercrombie. 14. Major Pitcairn. 15. Major Small. 16. Lieutenant Pitcairn. 17. Ensign Lord Rawdon.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

On the Centennial of the first great battle of our Revolutionary war we present our readers with a splendid double-page engraving from **Trumbull**'s celebrated painting of that memorable conflict, in which the raw levies of the still unorganized Continental army so gallantly withstood the onslaught of the British veterans. A cynical English traveler sailing into Boston Harbor, and catching sight of Bunker Hill Monument, remarked that this was the only instance in which a nation raised a column to commemorate a defeat. But Bunker Hill was a defeat only in name. It is evident, from British as well as American accounts of the battle, that the English troops, twice driven back from the rude breastworks by the deadly fire of the provincial riflemen, won their dearly bought victory only through the lack of ammunition among the Americans. When, at the third assault, the British forced their way over the breastworks, the Americans were absolutely out of powder and ball; and when it came to a hand-to-hand conflict, bayonets against clubbed rifles and stones, the bayonets carried the field. But the honor and the substantial fruits of victory were with the Americans. They learned their strength, and were taught the necessity of a thorough military organization; while the scare which their bravery, steadiness, and deadly precision of fire gave the British afforded them time to gather and organize an efficient army.

It is a noticeable fact that **Trumbull** should have seized the moment of retreat for his grand composition, instead of the repulse of the British troops on the first and second assaults. This was, no doubt, in the mind of the painter the most heroic moment of the battle, when the courage of the brave riflemen was put to the severest test. Worn out by the labors of the previous night and morning and the fierce conflict of the afternoon, their last round of ammunition fired away, they stood their ground until driven back by the resistless bayonet charge. "It was only when the redoubt was crowded by the enemy," says **Ellis**, in his interesting history of the battle, "and the defenders in one promiscuous throng, and fresh assailants were on all sides pouring into it, that **Prescott**, no less, but even more, a hero when he spoke the reluctant word, ordered a retreat. A longer struggle would have been folly, not courage. Some of the men had splintered their musket-stocks in fierce blows; nearly all were defenseless; yet was there that left within them, in a dauntless soul, which might still help their country at its need." It was this spirit that made the 17th of June, 1775, forever memorable and glorious in American history.

Our readers will find the story of this gallant fight well told in Mr. **Lossing**'s *Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution*, with a particularity of detail and incident for which we can not here afford space. Nor can we enter into the dispute concerning the commander of the American troops at Bunker Hill further than to say that Colonel **Prescott** was recognized as the commander at the most important point of the battle. The claims of General **Putnam** were not urged until long after the battle was fought; and **Trumbull**, in whose picture **Putnam** appears as the commander of the redoubt, afterward expressed his regret for the error he had committed.

The central figure of **Trumbull**'s picture is that of **Warren**, who was probably killed just at the close of the battle. Precisely how he died is not known. The Provincial Congress, two days after the battle, spoke of him as "supposed to be killed." There is a tradition that Major **Small**, of the British army, whose life **Warren** is said to have saved during the second attack on the redoubt, saw him fall when the breastworks were carried, and ran forward to assist him, but when he spoke to him, **Warren** "only looked up, smiled, and died." The British general, **Howe**, when assured that the President of the Provincial Congress was among the slain, is said to have declared that this victim was worth five hundred of his own men. His death was universally mourned by the Americans. Mrs. **Adams**, writing on the 5th of July, 1775, said, "Not all the havoc and devastation they have made has wounded me like the death of **Warren**. We want him in the senate; we want him in his profession; we want him in the field. We mourn for the citizen, the senator, the physician, and the warrior." And the Provincial Committee of Safety spoke of his death as that of "a man whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtue and valor shall be esteemed among mankind." As the people of this country gather to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of the battle in which he fell, he still stands the foremost figure of that brave struggle, endeared to our recollections not less by his part on the field than by the purity and nobility of his character.

The outline sketch on this page will enable the reader to pick out, in **Trumbull**'s picture, the portraits of the principal persons engaged on both sides in this memorable battle. On page 517 we give an engraving in which Mr. **Winslow Homer** has endeavored, with an artist's imagination, to depict the scenes at Copp's Hill, where the excited citizens of Boston gathered to watch the progress of the battle and the burning of Charlestown.

FIVE MINUTES TOO LATE.

Miss **Maynard**, at last goaded to desperation, locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and announced to her captives, "I will release you at eight o'clock precisely, and not before."

The statement was received in stubborn silence, yet the good lady justified herself for the severe measure as she walked down to the village. Her belief, as chief of the Hopville Academy, was that girls require to be compressed within rigid rules of discipline, both mentally and morally. According to this standard, the Coppe sisters were very far indeed from the prescribed path.

The teacher consulted her watch, and found that she had two hours at her disposal. She went to take tea with the doctor's wife—an unusual dissipation—and forgot the cares of office in the discussion of "flapjacks" delicately flavored with sugar and nutmeg. Imprisonment had come about in this way: two little maidens, exactly alike in appearance, christened respectively Lotty and Hatty Coppe, had been brought to Hopville Academy by an indulgent father six months before. Miss Maynard, most firm and well-regulated of principals, had informed her world with justifiable pride that the twin sisters had been reared in the Southwest, a vague region where they were supposed to have run wild, that they were heiresses, and that their parent, an eccentric man, had recently purchased a large property in the vicinity of Hopville. Very ignorant and wayward, Miss Maynard was expected to polish the new pupils to a state of decorous young-ladyhood. She might as well have attempted to tame the golden eagle. They liked to drive, to row, and romp; their small hands were toughened with ball-playing; they assumed gentlemanly attitudes by instinct. Alas, that the silken pillow of heavy school bills promptly paid should have so many thorns!

The Misses Coppe had not been domiciled many weeks within the academy walls before that portion of the cream-colored edifice in close proximity to their windows was discovered to have changed hue in the night. These amateur artists, having smuggled in a paint pot, had tried the effect of bronze-green in the moonlight. Scarcely had they condoned this offense when they removed the key-board of the best piano, concealed it in a closet, and gave as a lucid reason for the extraordinary step, that the music-master would otherwise insist on a lesson, and they hated scales. The teachers became apprehensive by instinct when two little brown heads were observed laid together, scholars giggled in anticipation of rich results in the fields of mischief, and Miss Maynard was grateful for the day that witnessed no fresh prank.

One night a timid new pupil presented herself in a state of shivering wakefulness at Miss Maynard's door as the clock struck twelve.

"I am afraid, ma'am. There's a noise in my room," whimpered the new girl.

"What nonsense!" said the teacher, and went swiftly to the scene of disturbance.

Profound silence ensued. A candle burned dimly on the table. Miss Maynard sat bolt-upright, a picture of rigid incredulity, and the new pupil hovered timidly near the door. Suddenly the whole chamber became permeated with unintelligible sound, which centred in the wall in a most peculiar grating, grinding noise. Miss Maynard grew slightly pale; the new pupil crept close to her side. There was a fall of rubbish, then a ray of light streamed through a hole in the wall, the end of some instrument was made visible rounding the aperture, and a little voice said, "Hulloa, Mary White! We brought an auger from home to bore holes like the prisoners in cells, you know, and we've tried it on the ceiling, only the plaster fell in our eyes. Now we have worked on your wall all study hour. Here's some supper for you."

Miss Maynard stood by the hole like the proverbial cat while this guileless confession was made. Ignorant of impending evil, the little voice went on, while a boiled crab, a slice of plum-cake, and a small torrent of caramels were propelled through the opening. Miss Maynard smiled sarcastically; the new pupil blushed. Dismay was pictured on the faces of those victims of misplaced confidence, the Coppe sisters next door, when the principal surprised them arranging a train of edibles before the tunnel in the wall.

"I am simply ashamed of you," she said to the youthful sinners. "Is it not enough that you have ruined the best piano and attempted to alter the house, or that you make a trumpet of your hands to hail your coachman, as if you were pilots, without frightening us by fearful noises at night?"

It was not enough, for the cup was not yet full. On the very day of which we write, the twins had been placed at the blackboard to work out a problem. The little maids were slow at figures, but quick at caricature. Lo! laughter bubbled irrepressibly in the school-room, and instead of the "result and answer" to the sum, Miss Maynard beheld herself sketched in chalk, every angle exaggerated, her nose intensified, and her spectacles veritable goggles. There are limits to human endurance. The principal rose in her wrath and incarcerated the culprits—for Erckmann-Chatrian are not more inseparable than were the twins in sharing praise or blame—and went to the doctor's tea-party.

The chamber of the heiresses was eminently characteristic. A fishing rod stood in one corner; a dog's collar lay on the floor; the table boasted a mouse-trap, twine, and several birds' nests; and on the wall was a chromo of famous "Lexington." Their conversation was apt to possess a masculine vigor.

"I tell you what, I'm not going to stand this sort of thing much longer," remarked Lotty, twisting her blue cravat awry.

"Tom promised to come to the rescue," hinted Hatty, darkly. "Wait until eight o'clock."

Perhaps the beauty of the season tantalized them. A soft haze slept in the far horizon, nuts dropped from the high trees, squirrels ran nimbly to safer hiding-places, the shot of the sportsman rang sharply on the ear. The young captives longed to wander in search of aromatic scented leaves, gorgeously dyed by autumn, or follow the little river as it glanced from rock to rock, where their skates would later score delicate embroidery on the polished ice surface.

"What's the use of school?" cried Lotty, impatiently.

"We are treated shamefully. In five minutes we will summon Tom," said Hatty.

At eight o'clock Miss Maynard left the doctor's company. As she passed the dress-maker's small white house, that power in the community thrust her head out of the window, removed a pin from her mouth, and said,

"Miss Maynard, would you like your black silk made with a basque? Step in and see my new patterns."

The most sensible woman wavers under such circumstances; Miss Maynard wavered, and fell.

"I must go home," she demurred.

"Only five minutes," coaxed the dress-maker.

Absorbed discussion over a fashion magazine was interrupted by a startling phenomenon in upper air. All Hopville rushed forth to gaze at the heavens, where a stream of golden fire was breaking in a spray of rainbow balls. A rocket had been sent off from the academy. To dart out into the road, seek in her pocket for the key, miss it, and run wildly toward the doctor's house was the teacher's first impulse; but even as she sped along, the cry of "fire," ominous and terrible in the country, echoed on her bewildered senses, and a glow was plainly visible through the windows of the Coppe girls' room. The heiresses had certainly succeeded in setting the school on fire. In this nightmare of confusion and alarm, Miss Maynard fell from one height of horror to another. *She had lost the key, and they would be burned to death!* Every body helped her to search in mad haste, and only occasioned hopeless entanglement. The church bell was ringing; a crowd was surging along the road, dragging that reluctant monster, a village engine; and the doctor's guests were, for the most part, on their hands and knees groping under the tea-table for the missing article.

"Pshaw! the door will be burst open," said the doctor, arriving on the scene.

He took Miss Maynard, faint with alarm, in his gig. For the first time on record the doctor's horse shied at the engine, bolted on a side road, and deposited Miss Maynard in a ditch, from which she was forced to climb across fields to the scene of disaster. Her heart died within her as she approached. What was her joy when the gardener accosted her!

"I busted the door, mum, with an axe, and let out one of 'em, but the young gentleman was afore me with the other."

"The young gentleman?" repeated Miss Maynard, feebly.

Tom Walker, playmate and impartial sweetheart of the twins since infancy, then on a visit to their home, had promised rescue from durance vile if a rocket was fired. They had resorted to this extreme measure only because Miss Maynard was five minutes too late, and their dignity was affronted by being locked up. In firing the rocket—most tragic signal of distress—they had also fired the curtains.

Tom succeeded in lowering Hatty by means of the rope-ladder of romance, while Lotty was forced to choose the broken door or be singed; and from that moment the youth's affection balanced in Hatty's favor.

Miss Maynard beheld them depart from Hopville Academy with desperate calmness, nor was she surprised by an invitation the next year to the wedding of a seventeen-year-old bride and a groom of twenty.

"I shall be an old maid if Hatty marries Tom," sobbed the other little damsel on that occasion.

SEA-BATHING:

ITS USE AND ABUSE.

By GHISLANI DURANT, M.D., Ph.D.

INTRODUCTION.

The last twenty years have produced a great and radical transformation in our mode of life. In exact ratio with the increase of wealth have grown our wants and habits, the former more numerous, the latter more expensive and exacting. Among these, and certainly neither the least imperious nor the least to be encouraged, is that of going out of town during the summer. Nothing answers better the requirements of our organization, which the artificial condition of a life such as we lead nowadays tends so much to destroy.

This is particularly true as regards the inhabitants of great cities, for nowhere is the human organism consumed with a more feverish and more enervating activity. The politician, the man of science, the business man, all require during the summer months a chance to repair the inroads which the overexertion of the winter has caused in their vital economy.

Apart from this consideration, we are all influenced by an innate desire of changing our surroundings; by a natural wish of fleeing from the heated and dusty atmosphere of the city, tainted as it is with all kinds of impurities; by the longing to enjoy space which the city refuses us, and bask in the sun at our ease, dissatisfied as we are with the fractional doses of air we receive despite our modern improvements. Yes, you all need change of air, you whose blood has become vitiated, you whose limbs are impotent or whose brain has become diseased; and you also, fair readers, will betake yourselves to the country to regain that freshness which you have lost by your winter dissipation. It is something besides iron and calasaya bark the pale-faced children need. They are exhausted by being shut up in houses with double windows, heavy curtains, kept from light and sun and air. They want exercise, open-air sports, to give color to their cheeks.

Some people are told "you need sea-bathing," and without further inquiry they go where they themselves see fit, and plunge into the sea without other guide than taste, inclination, or, it may be, the advice of some officious persons, who very naturally have nothing but eulogy for that which perhaps gives them personally health, unable to perceive that what may be of benefit to them may be of equal harm to others.

Many imagine that the immersion of the body in the sea at a particular hour of the day, continued for a certain period, constitutes sea-bathing, while others are persuaded that salt-water is in its effects as harmless as fresh, and that in its use one may at pleasure pursue either the promptings of instinct or the erroneous calculations of an uneducated judgment. Others again are aware of its dangers, but the pleasure of gratifying one's whim at the risk of discomfort, disease, or even death does not restrain them. What seems more natural, being at the sea-shore, than to enter the water, remain in it as long as possible, and after the necessary change of toilet, return to one's hotel or remain on the beach?

Believing that precise information, deduced from observation, supported by high authorities, freed from all theory, and presented in every-day language, might be of some use at the sea-side, I propose in the following series of articles to give, under the form of simple practical recommendations, all necessary indications.

I.—SEA-AIR.

The odor of the sea is singular and indescribable, but once recognized, it can neither be forgotten nor mistaken. This odor, due to the peculiar matters contained in the sea-water, is developed to a far greater extent where the billows break upon a rocky than upon a sandy coast; stronger in storm, when, with material from all sources, the angry sea casts upon the beach the algæ and fuci which have been torn from her depths, than in calm.

To Berzelius is due the explanation of the cause of the odor of the sea-air. Chemists had in vain sought for iodine in the sea, when he proved its existence as sodium iodide, together with sodium chloride and magnesium bromide. It is certain that the odor of the sea strongly resembles that of certain bromides and iodides, and iodine, bromine, and chlorine somewhat resemble each other in their odor. May we not suppose that in the great deep, chemical action, occult, it is true, but none the less positive, and possibly as determinate as in our laboratories, goes on, and that iodine, bromine, and chlorine are evolved, and, carried in the spray, affect the organ of smell? That we do not detect the absolute presence of these elements is, it seems to me, due rather to our imperfect means of investigation than to their absence. Besides this, the sea-air is purer than that of the interior. The ocean being lower, there is an increase in the density of the atmosphere, and the chemical and physical changes constantly going on tend to increase the amount of ozone or active oxygen present and lessen the carbonic acid. The temperature is also more constant.

Of the causes which affect the atmosphere, winds are the most important. These are due to the constant changes in the density of various portions of the atmosphere, or to differences in the rate at which portions of the earth's surface, such as land and water, are heated, and to the movements of the earth itself. Were these causes not to operate, dead stillness, so far as the air is concerned, would be the result; but their effect upon the atmosphere gives rise to the currents which we call winds.

As we all know, the land in a given time absorbs more heat than the sea, and from this unequal warming there results on the borders of the ocean the phenomena of the land and sea breezes.

Dwellers at the sea-shore should be acquainted with the causes and times of these, in order that they may avail themselves most fully of or guard carefully against them, as their sanitary condition may require.

Since the absorbent power of land for heat is greater than that of the water, the temperature of the land gains constantly on that of the water on bright sunshiny days until about three in the afternoon. As a result of this, the air in contact with the land is rendered lighter than the air over the ocean, and the latter rushes landward, forcing the lighter air to ascend, and thus we have during the greater portion of the day, and for some time after sunset, a breeze from the ocean—the sea-breeze.

Now as bodies which gain heat rapidly part with it as rapidly, we have the land cooling more quickly than the water, so that the latter is warmer during the night than the earth, and there is then determined an exactly opposite condition: a breeze from the land to the sea—the land-breeze—and this continues until the rising sun has again rendered the land the warmer.

There are two causes which tend to render a high temperature more endurable at the sea-shore than inland. The first is that the greater the temperature the more unequal the heating of the land and water, and consequently the stronger the sea and land breezes; the second, that the rapid evaporation of the ocean renders latent a portion of this heat, thus making the breeze cooler than it otherwise would be.

Hence the explanation of the remarkable physiological effects of a season at the sea-shore, especially as to the tonic effects it has upon the organism, is to be sought: 1st. In a greater density of the air, and therefore in a greater amount respired. 2d. In the greater amount of ozone, or active oxygen. 3d. The constant renewal of the air, due to the winds, and the breathing therefore of perfectly fresh air. 4th. Possibly to the effects of the salts carried with the evaporating water and spray. 5th. To the freedom from care, and the regular mode of living which generally prevails.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

One of the most important recent productions of the Coast Survey has been the renewed investigation of all the phenomena peculiar to New York Harbor, under the special direction of Professor Henry Mitchell. The physical survey of this harbor and its approaches requires to be frequently renewed, in order to keep track of the numerous changes continually occurring both from natural and artificial causes. In the recent report of Professor Mitchell to the Superintendent of the Coast Survey, made in response to a resolution of the New York Chamber of Commerce, it is shown that the Jersey Flats no longer receive the deposits formerly carried by currents upon its interior space. The extension of surveys, etc., at Jersey City have placed the flats under the lea, and the deposits have accumulated upon the fore slope of the bank, so that the flats are rapidly growing out into the main channel. If these flats are to be occupied by buildings, provision should be made specially for keeping a bold frontage. In the vicinity of Middle Ground Shoal and of Gowanus a similar movement outward seems to be taking place from a similar cause. The importance of the East River to the preservation of the entrance to New York Harbor is shown from the fact that the whole movement of water which flows into New York Harbor in the course of each tide through the East River is sufficient of itself to raise the water of the harbor by one and one-tenth feet. The turn of the tide in the East River occurs two hours after the ebb begins in the harbor, and during these two hours the flow is toward the East River instead of from it. As the result of some calculations, it is shown that the whole of the flow through the Narrows corresponds to five and three-tenth feet in elevation of the surface of the harbor, and this is the amount which would run through if the East River were to be cut off. An additional nine-tenths of a foot, however, is to be added as due to that which comes from the East River itself, giving a total of six and two-tenths feet, representing the flow through the Narrows and over the bar. If, therefore, the East River were cut off, the corresponding decrease in the flow of water and decrease in the scouring of the bar would involve a reduction of the depth of water upon the bar of about three and a half feet. Therefore the loss of this river, or any obstruction to its flow or reduction of its capacity, would become injurious to the harbor.

Professor Bradley, of Knoxville, Tennessee, has recently published the results of his geological labors among the Southern Appalachians, and they throw much light upon the probable age of the crystalline rocks of that region. It has long been the tendency of geologists to regard the metamorphic crystalline rocks of the Atlantic coast as certainly pre-Silurian. This has, however, been called in question by the observations of Professor Dana, which go to prove that the limestones and accompanying schists and quartzites of Western New England are *all* Silurian, and not Huronian or Laurentian. Professor Bradley now claims the same for the region he has investigated, that is, the western portion of North Carolina, the eastern part of Tennessee, and much of Georgia and Alabama. The evidence upon which the conclusion is based is stratigraphical, and must be studied in detail to be fully understood. The time at which the uplift and metamorphism of this region took place is considered by Professor Bradley to have been post-carboniferous, and it is probably referable to the close of the paleozoic.

We regret to learn that Mr. Alexander Agassiz, director of the Anderson School of Natural History, has been unable to make arrangements for a third session of this establishment during the coming summer. He announced some time ago that, in view of the expense of the enterprise and the limited funds at his command, it would be impossible for him to proceed unless a sufficient number of students could be found willing to pay fifty dollars for the course. This appeal not proving effectual, he has given notice that the school will not be opened during 1875.

In a circular stating these facts, Mr. Agassiz remarks that the students have been mostly from the poorly paid class, consisting of teachers and others, who were unable to do more than meet the necessary expenses of boarding, any additional tax, especially to the amount of fifty dollars, being beyond their power to meet.

The death has been announced to the Academy of France, of which he was a corresponding member, of Professor A. Schrötter, perpetual secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Vienna, and Master of the Mint. In communicating this intelligence, Professor Dumas states that for a period of forty years Professor Schrötter has been one of the most eminent interpreters of chemical science, and a brilliant experimenter. His most important discovery was that of amorphous phosphorus, for which one of the annual prizes offered by the Academy was awarded him. To Professor Schrötter is also due our knowledge of the red phosphorus, which, though identical in nature with the common phosphorus, differs from it in all its peculiarities. His death took place April 15, at the age of seventy-three.

According to *Nature* of May 6, instructions for the use of the officers of the arctic expedition in their scientific work were nearly completed. The day of leaving had been fixed for the 29th of May, and the exploring ships were to be accompanied as far as Disco Island by the *Valorous* for the purpose of enabling them to fill up with stores and coal at the last moment. It was proposed to make use of the homeward voyage of this ship in carrying out scientific explorations of the southern part of Baffin Bay, and of the North Atlantic between Cape Farewell and the British Isles. Mr. J. Gwyn Jeffries volunteered to superintend this work, assisted by Mr. P. Herbert Carpenter, son of Dr. Carpenter, who takes charge especially of the physical inquiries.

One of the most important results of the geological survey of New Mexico, conducted by Lieutenant G. M. Wheeler, United States Engineers, during the season of 1874, is the discovery by Professor Cope of an extensive lake deposit of the eocene age in the western and northern part of that Territory. The deposits cover at least 3000 square miles and are 3000 feet in thickness, being worn into remarkable bad-land deserts in some localities. This is only the second lake area of this age discovered in the West, the survey under Clarence King having discovered the longest known, viz., that of Wyoming, some years ago. Professor Cope discovered the remains of about 100 species of vertebrata, mostly mammals, in the New Mexican formations, many of them of remarkable character, and to a great extent different from those of the Wyoming eocene. Carnivora of an antiquated pattern were abundant, and hoofed animals related to the tapir. Eight species of an almost unknown order, the Toxodontia, which is related to rodents and elephants, were also found.

The discovery of the grayling in the waters of the Au Sable River, of Michigan, some years ago, has attracted much attention to this locality recently, and induced efforts to secure and multiply this fish in some more southern waters. Our knowledge of this species is due mainly to Mr. D. H. Fitzhugh, of Bay City; and by his invitation Mr. Fred Mather, the well-known fish-culturist of Honeoye Falls, New York, visited the locality in his company on the 1st of April, 1874, but found that the eggs were not then ripe. On the 1st of May Seth Green went to the same region, at which time the fish had all spawned. He, however, dug out from the gravel about one hundred eggs, which he gave to Mr. Collins, of the Caledonia fish farm, to hatch out. These grew slowly at first, but at the end of six months were much larger than brook trout of the same age.

On the 6th of April of the present year Mr. Mather revisited the Au Sable River, remaining there until the 12th. On the 8th he took spawn from two fish, and on the 9th and 10th from several more. He brought away 8000 spawn and forty yearlings, the latter about five inches long. He also packed 4000 eggs for Mr. N. W. Clark, of Northville, Michigan, and gave him a considerable number of fish. These eggs, at the latest accounts, were thriving finely, and the embryo was expected to hatch out very shortly.

Professor J. S. Newberry, director of the geological survey of Ohio, has made additional collections in the fossil-bearing coal-measures. Land vertebrate remains of that age within the limits of the United States have as yet been only found in Ohio, and the specimens are noted for their singularity and beauty. Thirty-three species of batrachia have been found, but no reptiles nor higher vertebrata. One of the novelties is a species of the genus Ceraterpeton—the first time a European genus has been detected in this country. This form is as large as a rat, and has a pair of stout horns on the back of its head, in the position and having much the form of those of the ox. The skull is sculptured by rows of small pits, separated by fine radiating ridges.

In a recent number of the monthly notices of the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr. Burnham, of Chicago, gives an account of the discovery of the duplicity of *Nu Scorpii*, which is an interesting illustration of the steady progress made in detecting new double stars. As the case now stands, the star in question is quadruple. It was, however, known to Herschel in the last century simply as a double star, whose components appeared single in his own and his son's and all other large telescopes up to the year 1847, in which year Jacob, at Madras, found that the fainter or companion star was itself double. In 1873, with his beautiful six-inch telescope by Alvan Clark, and assisted by his own remarkably acute vision, Mr. Burnham writes that he had examined the star several times, and was impressed by an apparent elongation of the principal star in a direction nearly north and south. Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, was requested to examine it with his splendid refractor, and reported that he suspected that it was double, but could not be certain. During the summer of 1874 Mr. Burnham with his six-inch telescope, Mr. Newcomb with his great twenty-six-inch refractor at Washington, and Baron Dembowski at Florence, with a nine-inch telescope, all nearly simultaneously were able to see that the principal star was double, and to measure the relative positions. We have, therefore, in this case a star which to the naked eye appears of the fourth magnitude, resolved by fine telescopes and sharp eyes into four stars, of the fourth, sixth, seventh, and eighth magnitudes respectively. The last-named and most distinguished observer of double stars says that "this is one of the finest multiple stars known. There are others of the same kind, but none presenting the same striking assemblage of brilliant objects within so narrow bounds."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday, 27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday, 29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday, 4.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 11.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 18.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 25.—St. James; Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey were expected to close their meetings in the Opera-house (West End of London) on the 30th of May. The building was in use by them seven weeks, and has been occupied from two to four times daily. Many of the upper classes have attended, and bishops have occupied the royal boxes. The eccentric Father Ignatius has also been an auditor, and has taken part in the inquiry meetings as an adviser of the penitent. Services have been held for children, and one of unusual interest for the blind. The building was on this occasion crowded; about 1500 blind persons attended. Prayer was offered by Dr. Moon, the author of the "blind alphabet." Mr. Sankey sang the hymn which contains the chorus,

> "The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
> Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

The audience was visibly affected by the addresses and the singing.

The Prussian government has prohibited, without exception, public processions of Roman Catholics. The reason assigned is the fear of popular disturbances.

The Bishop of Peterborough's bill for the removal of the evils incident to the administration of Church patronage has been very much cut down by the select committee to which it was referred. The clauses which give the parishioners the right to appeal against the nomination of a parish incumbent, and which prohibit clergymen who have bought advowsons from presenting themselves, have been struck out. Other amendments have also been made.

The great procession on the 29th of June, intended as a part of the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the Church of the Sacred Heart at Montmartre, has been countermanded by the French government. It was expected that 100,000 pilgrims from the provinces would attend, and the whole affair was to be "the interment of the principles of 1789." The French authorities have no doubt been influenced by the consideration that this demonstration would be very likely to involve them in trouble with foreign governments.

The General Synod of the Lutheran Church, which met in Baltimore May 26, adjourned after a session of eight days. The proposition for a Colloquium, to be called with a view to effect a closer union of Lutherans in the United States on the basis of the Augsburg Confession, was rejected by a vote of 66 to 30. The next meeting of the Synod will be held in Carthage, Illinois, 1877. The Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, which met at Jefferson, Texas, appointed the Rev. W. E. Ward, D.D., delegate to the Alliance of all Presbyterians, which will be held in London next month. The General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, which met in Wooster, Ohio, adopted strong resolutions against the encroachments of Romanism upon the common-school system. The Synod of the (German) Reformed Church, which met at Fort Wayne, Indiana, declined to send delegates to the Presbyterian Alliance in London. The (Dutch) Reformed Synod, which met in Jersey City, adopted resolutions providing for co-operative union with the Southern Presbyterian Church, and also agreed to send delegates to the London Alliance. The Presbyterian Assembly at Cleveland sanctioned the provision which gives the churches the option of electing elders for a term of years.

It is rumored that the Pope will call a second meeting of the Vatican Council.

The fifty-fifth General Convention of the New Jerusalem (Swedenborgian) Church of the United States was held in this city, beginning June 4. The Rev. Chauncey Giles was chosen president. It was reported that the trustees of the fund established by Mr. L. C. Iungerich had distributed gratuitously between 7000 and 8000 copies of Swedenborg's *True Christian Religion* to clergymen and theological students in the United States and Canada. Five thousand copies of Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell* have been circulated in the same way. The committee appointed to prepare a liturgy reported the progress made in their work.

Mr. Seymour Haden continues to advocate burial in wicker-work coffins as more healthful for the living than the present mode. Apropos of this discussion, a correspondent of the London *Times* brings to light the "Woolen Act" of Charles II., which required all persons to be buried in woolen garments. Its title was, "An Acte for the lessening the importation of Linnen from beyond the Seas, and the encouragement of the Woollen and Paper Manufactures of the Kingdome." This is an instance of the trading spirit strong in death.

The same success which has attended the labors of Mr. R. Pearsall Smith on the continent of Europe has been visible in England, where he now is. During the third week of May he met on several occasions the under-graduates of the University of Oxford, who listened to him with the utmost attention and respect. At a breakfast one hundred and twenty-six university men were present. On Sunday afternoon and evening the Corn Exchange of Oxford was crowded in every part with hearers. It was expected that as many as 8000 persons would attend the Brighton Convention, which began May 29.

In their debate with the government the Prussian bishops are determined to have the last word. They have therefore issued a rejoinder to the "ministerial rescript" in which they were handled so rudely. The substance of the rejoinder is that they can not conscientiously obey the May laws, and will not; and that as to their opposing and then accepting the Vatican Decrees, there was no option left them when the Council had once spoken. Any reconciliation between them and the state is clearly not to be expected.

The Rev. A. H. Mackonochie, the rector of St. Alban's, who was sentenced to six weeks' suspension from the ministry for the introduction of illegal ceremonies into public worship, and who had appealed from the sentence, now announces the withdrawal of his appeal. The reason given is that he has no confidence in the "Judicial Committee of the Privy Council." Mr. Mackonochie will therefore undergo his sentence.

The excitement which has shown itself in Belgium in the breaking up of religious processions still continues. A procession of 25,000 pilgrims to a grotto near Ghent became the occasion of a disturbance, in which several hundred were hurt and one person was killed. In Brussels another from one of the parish churches was assailed by the populace; the police interfered with drawn swords, and made several arrests. The crowd was dispersed. The Tribunal of First Instance in Liege has dismissed the charge against Duchesne of plotting the assassination of Bismarck. He has been released from custody.

The Civil Marriage Bill, which has been submitted in Switzerland to a popular vote, has probably been sanctioned. Almost complete returns give this result: for, 205,588; against, 181,057.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has passed the bills for the suppression of religious orders, and the administration of church property by the parishes.

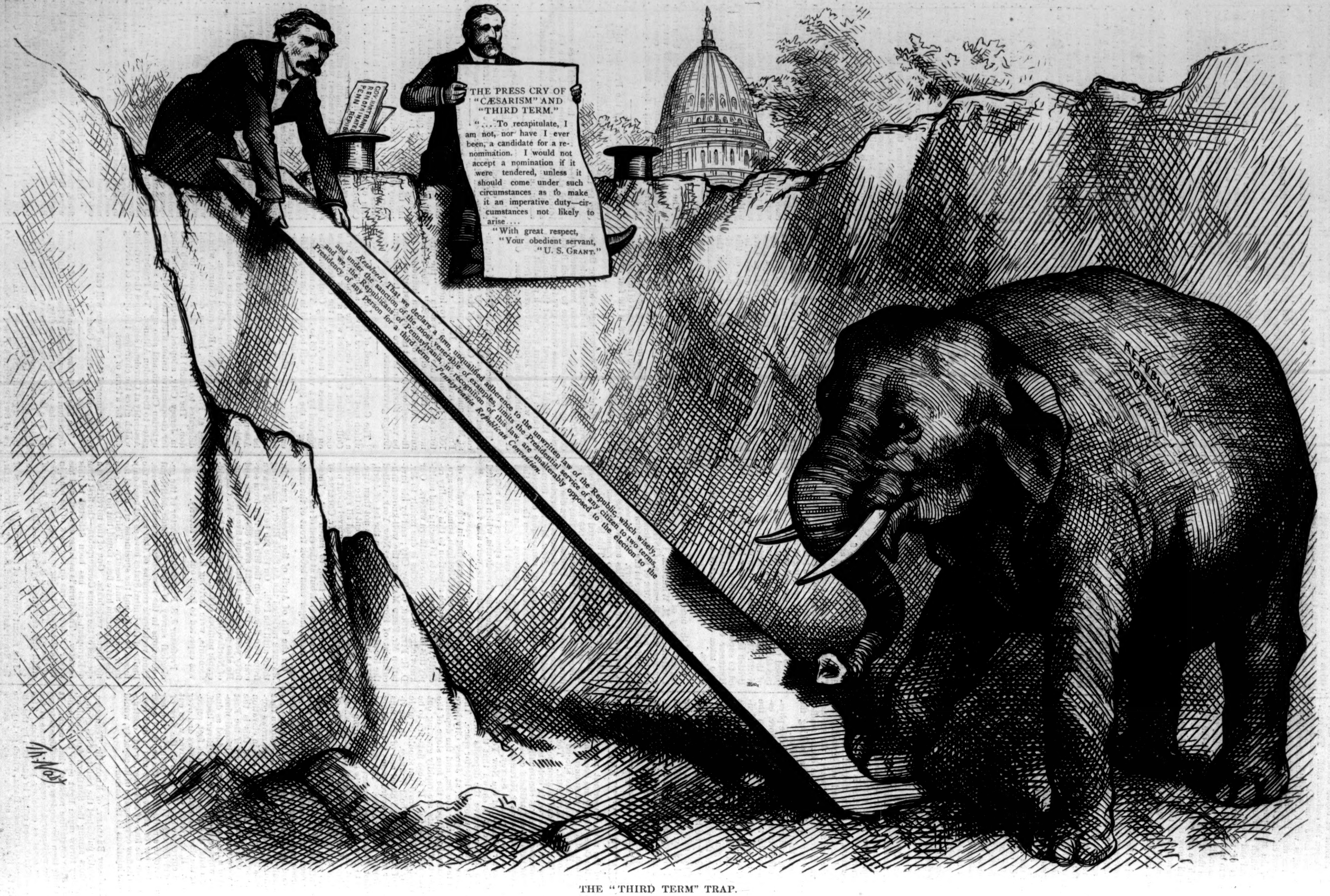
Presbyterian union in Canada was consummated at Montreal June 11-13. The Churches interested were announced to hold their Synods simultaneously, and after certain ceremonies to assemble as one body.

Bishop Henni, of Milwaukee, was invested with the insignia of the office of archbishop in the cathedral of that city June 3. The new archbishop is a native of Switzerland, and was educated at Rome.

Bishop Bourget (Roman Catholic), of Montreal, has one great merit—he is perfectly candid. He calls a spade a spade; he means that the Church shall rule the state, and says so. He has very lately published a pastoral letter giving instructions to Catholic voters concerning their duties. One of his suggestions is that money corruptly received should be given to the poor, which implies much more than it expresses. Most striking, however, is his description of men who should not be voted for by Catholics. We present it *verbatim*:

> "Yes, truly, those men do not deserve your confidence who show themselves hostile to religion and the divine principles which it teaches; who advance and support in their speeches and their writings errors which the Church condemns; who, in order to be elected at any price, make use of corruption, lies, frauds, and the excesses of intemperance; who deny to their *curés* the right of giving instruction as to the duties which candidates as well as electors have conscientiously to discharge, by pretending that they ought in no way to mix up in elections; who wish the Church to be separated from the state; who support propositions condemned by the *Syllabus*; who spurn all intervention by the Pope, by bishops, by priests, in the affairs of governments, as if those governments were not bound by the principles which God has revealed to the Church for the good government of the people; who dare to teach that the Church has nothing to do with political matters, and that it is deceived when mixed up with them; who criticise and blame commands and missives from bishops and instructions from pastors in regard to elections; who, despite their protestation in favor of religion, efficaciously aid and openly employ newspapers, books, and societies which the Church reproves and condemns; who do not fear to say that priests should live confined to the church and sacristy, and who organize to hinder them, if that were possible, from teaching the principles of sound politics as the teaching of the Church itself; who dare to declare that the priests shall be persecuted, imprisoned, and exiled from Canada as they are from Germany and other countries, if they continue, as at present, to meddle with elections."

"On the other hand," says the bishop to his flock, vote only for men who will be "inflexible when it becomes a question of supporting the rights and privileges of the Church." Bishop Bourget appears to have forgotten that persons elected to office in Canada must qualify by taking oath to support the laws of the Dominion, and that a like oath must be taken in the United States. Does he mean to teach that such oaths are to count for nothing?

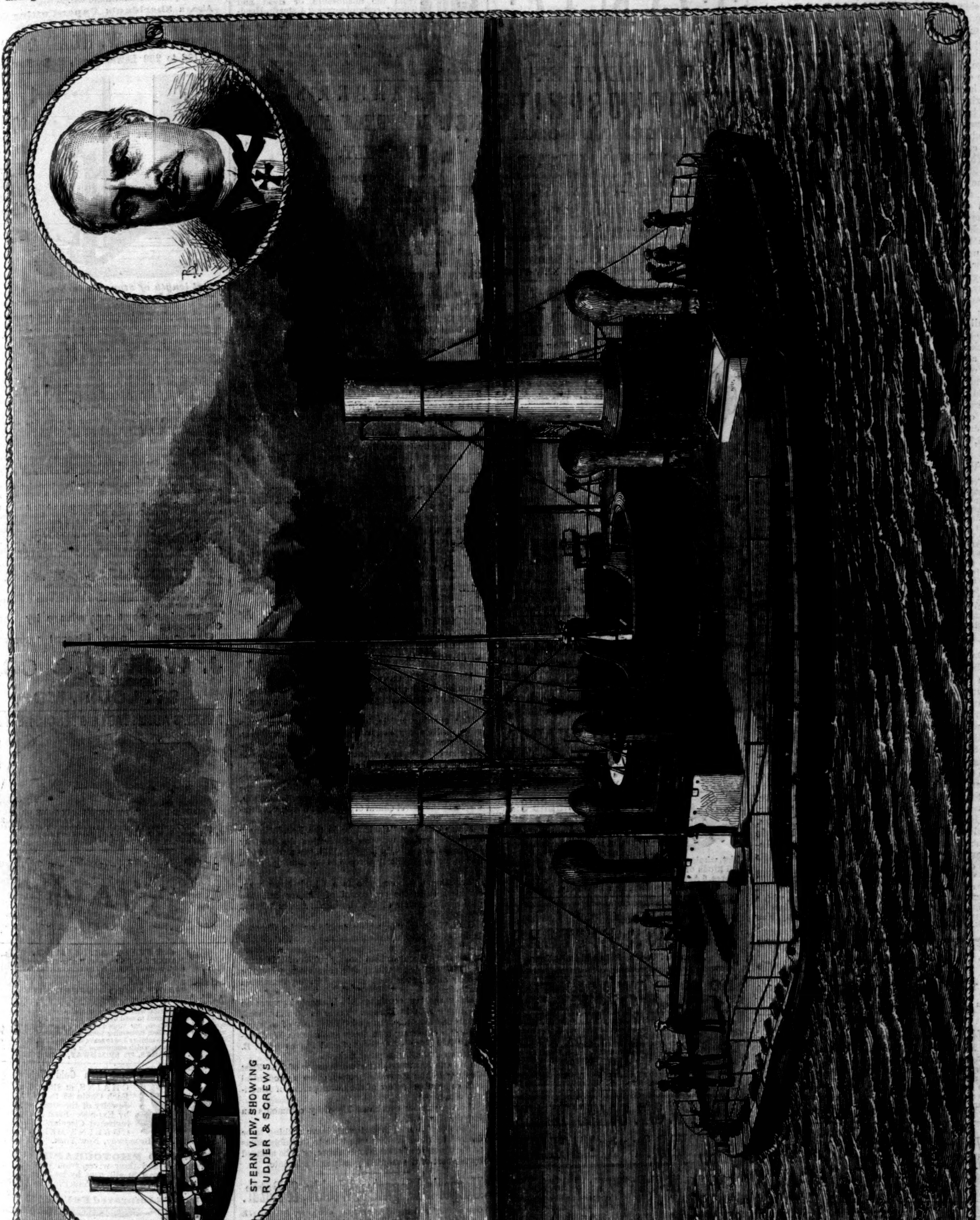

GOV. HARTRANFT RENOMINATED PENN. REPUB
THE PRESS CRY OF "CÆSARISM" AND "THIRD TERM."
". . . To recapitulate, I am not, nor have I ever been, a candidate for a re-nomination. I would not accept a nomination if it were tendered, unless it should come under such circumstances as to make it an imperative duty—circumstances not likely to arise. . . .
"With great respect,
"Your obedient servant,
"U. S. GRANT."
Resolved, That we declare a firm, unqualified adherence to the unwritten law of the Republic, which wisely, and under the sanction of the most venerable of examples, limits the Presidential service of any citizen to two terms, and we, the Republicans of Pennsylvania, in recognition of this law, are unalterably opposed to the election to the Presidency of any person for a third term.—*Pennsylvania Republican Convention.*
REPUBLICAN VOTE
Th. Nast

THE "THIRD TERM" TRAP.

U. S. G. "If that don't fetch the animal, Governor, don't blame me any more."

NEW RUSSIAN IRON-CLAD.

The circular iron-clad ship of war of which we give an engraving is the invention of Vice-Admiral A. A. **Popoff**, aid-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia. During the Crimean war Admiral **Popoff** was cruising in the Black Sea, and distinguished himself by burning many of the store-ships of the allied fleets then acting against Russia. On the close of that war he superintended the construction of a large number of fast clippers. He also made several cruises round the world in command of considerable squadrons. Of late years he has again turned his attention to ship-building, and the most powerful vessels of the Russian navy have been constructed from his designs. Besides the circular iron-clads named after him and those of the style shown in our engraving, he has designed many ships with armor along the water-line, similar to the *Nelson* and the *Northampton*, lately constructed for the English navy. The Vice-Admiral, whose portrait appears in the picture, is about fifty years of age.


STERN VIEW, SHOWING RUDDER & SCREWS.

THE CIRCULAR IRON-CLAD "NOVGOROD," DESIGNED BY ADMIRAL POPOFF, OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY.

COLUMBIA AND YALE BOAT-HOUSES.

On page 516 we give engravings of the new boat-houses designed for the accommodation of the crews of Columbia and Yale. The Columbia boat-house is to be constructed from the plans of the well-known architect Mr. **John C. Babcock**. The foundation is a floating scow, three feet in depth, forty feet beam, and eighty-eight feet long, built in a very thorough and substantial manner by Messrs. **Thompson & Darton**, ship-builders of this city. The boat-house resting upon this substructure is to be a frame building two stories and an attic in height, with an observatory reaching a total elevation of seventy feet from the water. The first story will be used exclusively for the storage of boats and oars. It is to be on a level with the deck of the scow, ten feet in height, and will afford ample accommodation for fifty boats or more. Access to the second story will be afforded by two staircases, one inside the boat-house, at the shore end, the other going up on the outside, under the tower on the river front. The outside staircase enhances the architectural appearance of the structure, which, as may be seen from the engraving, is to be somewhat in the Swiss style.

The second story will be divided into four apartments, as follows: On the river front the reception-room, thirty-six by twenty-eight feet, which it is proposed to have handsomely finished in hard woods, laid in fancy patterns. From the reception-room a hallway will lead to the dressing-room, of the same dimensions, around the four sides of which are to be lockers to the number of one hundred, for the keeping of rowing costumes, etc. On one side of the hall will be the kitchen and bath-room, and on the other a wash-room, fitted with stationary basins, etc. From the hall a staircase will lead to the attic, which will be used chiefly as a place of storage for all odds and ends not in daily use.

A balcony, supported by brackets and columns, will extend around the building at the second story, four feet wide on the sides, six on the shore end, and ten on the river front. This balcony will be completely sheltered from sun and rain by the projecting roof, which covers it on all sides. The observatory or tower will also be provided with a balcony, protected in a similar manner. The whole building will be roofed with slate, set in pattern, with the word "Columbia" laid in in the college colors. Along the ridge of the roof will run a cresting of iron-work. The outside will be painted in party-colors.

The structure, as may be seen from our engraving, will be very handsome in design. It will be moored at some point in the Harlem River not yet definitely determined upon, about one hundred feet from the shore. The total cost of the completed structure will be about $10,000.

The Yale boat-house, which was dedicated on the 9th inst., is also a handsome frame structure, somewhat in the Swiss cottage style of architecture, two stories in height, eighty-three feet long and seventy-five in width. These are also the dimensions of the boat-room, which occupies the whole of the first floor, with accommodations for one hundred boats. The boats are supported on neat iron brackets, painted blue, the college color. In front of the house, and connected with it by five bridges, is a large float, eighty feet by forty in size. The second floor contains a large dressing-room, with lavatory adjoining, a separate dressing-room for the university crew, a small room to be used as an office, and a large club-room. The latter is elegantly finished with black-walnut trimmings, the floor is of black-walnut and Southern pine, and the walls and ceiling are of white pine sheathing. An ample piazza sixteen feet wide runs around three sides of the building, affording a pleasant resort on summer afternoons, as well as a fine position for viewing the crews while at practice on the Quinnipiac River. The total cost of the structure was about $15,000.

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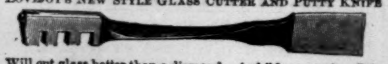

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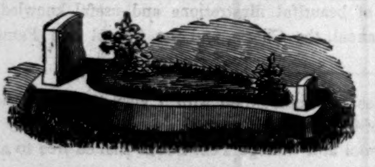

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1875.

Contents:

NEWBURYPORT AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.
With Twenty-one Illustrations.
PHANTOMS. By T. B. Aldrich.
A GLANCE AT THE ISLAND OF LEWIS. By William Black.
With Eight Illustrations.
WHERE?
CARICATURE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD. By James Parton.
With Sixteen Illustrations.
FROM THE SPANISH OF CALDERON,
WANDERINGS IN BRITTANY.
With Thirty-one Illustrations.
THE STORY OF A TROMBONE.
With Four Illustrations.
ECHOES OF BUNKER HILL. By the Rev. Samuel Osgood, D.D.
With Seven Illustrations.
THE SENTINEL.
THE STONE AGE IN EUROPE.—IV. THE TROGLODYTES—(*Continued*). By Prof. Charles Rau.
With Six Illustrations.
GARTH. By Julian Hawthorne.
Chapter III. Knight-Errantry.—IV. How Garth went to a Picnic.
HIGHEST.
THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.—(*Ninth Paper.*) COMMERCIAL DEVELOPMENT. By Edward Atkinson.
A PALACE OF COBWEB.
MISS ANGEL. By Miss Thackeray. (*Conclusion.*)
Chapter XXX. Afterward.—XXXI. In the outer Court of the Temple.—XXXII. Any Man to any Woman.—XXXIII. To show false Art what Beauty was of Yore.—XXXIV. And so farewell.—XXXV. The Church of St. Andrea delle Fratre.
THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE HAYTIANS. By John Bigelow.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

Harper's Magazine for July, containing ninety-three beautiful engravings and the largest possible variety of entertaining reading, challenges comparison.

The opening article, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, on Newburyport, with twenty-one illustrations, completes the literary and historical survey of the Merrimac region, so well introduced by the articles on Concord in previous numbers.

William Black, the celebrated novelist, in his beautiful description of Lewis, the principal island of the Hebrides, illustrated from his own pencil sketches, discloses the secret charm of his great novel, "A Princess of Thule."

James Parton's "Caricature in the Revolutionary Period," opening with an illustration designed by Benjamin Franklin, in London, 1774, has a centennial flavor, and is peculiarly *apropos* to the coming Fourth of July.

Dr. Samuel Osgood, who is a Charlestown man, commemorates the centennial of Bunker Hill in a philosophic review of the significant issues of that battle.

S. G. W. Benjamin, whose article on the Channel Islands delighted the readers of the June Number, in his "Wanderings in Brittany," condenses a volume of interesting matter into twenty pages of this number, accompanied by thirty-one engravings, which for beauty have never been surpassed in any illustrated periodical.

Charles Rau continues his illustrated papers on the Stone Age in Europe. There is an illustrated, humorous love tale, entitled "The Story of a Trombone;" a charming love story by Virginia W. Johnson, "A Palace of Cobweb;" and Poems by T. B. Aldrich and other popular writers.

Edward Atkinson, in the ninth paper of the "First Century of the Republic" series, gives a thoughtful and suggestive review of the development of American commerce.

John Bigelow continues his pithy comments on Haytian Proverbs.

The five Editorial Departments leave nothing to be desired by those readers who wish to be informed as to the progress of science and culture, or to be amused by the best of the month's gossip and anecdote.

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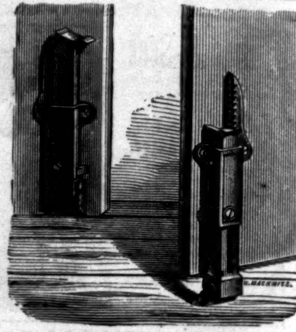

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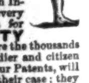

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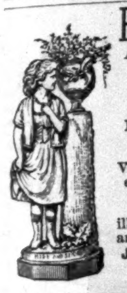

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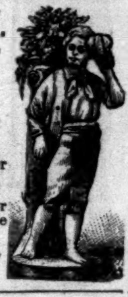

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PLAIN BASQUE, LONG APRON with SCARF BACK, and DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 27
CUIRASS BASQUE, ROUND APRON, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 33
LADY'S GABRIELLE WRAPPER	" 35
FRENCH SACQUE, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT with Pleated Back	" 41
ENGLISH CUIRASS, OVER-SKIRT WITH POCKETS, AND WALKING SKIRT	" 41
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DOUBLE-BREASTED WALKING JACKET, Empress Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
WORTH BASQUE AND FULL-TRAINED TRIMMED SKIRT	" 51
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DOUBLE-POINTED BASQUE, LONG TABLIER, AND POUF SKIRT	" 1
LONG FUR-LINED CLOAK, with Long Walking Skirt	" 3
FUR-LINED CIRCULAR, with Three-quarter Trained Skirt	" 3
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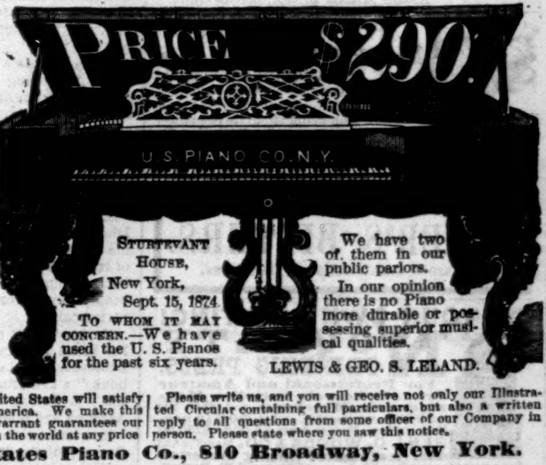
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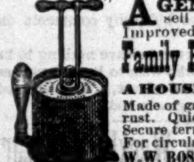

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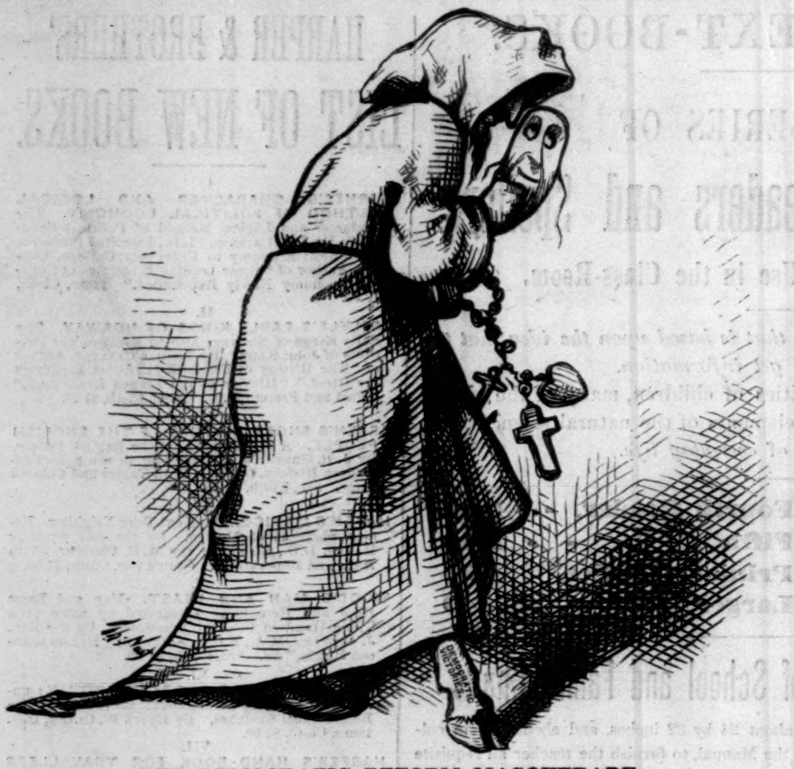
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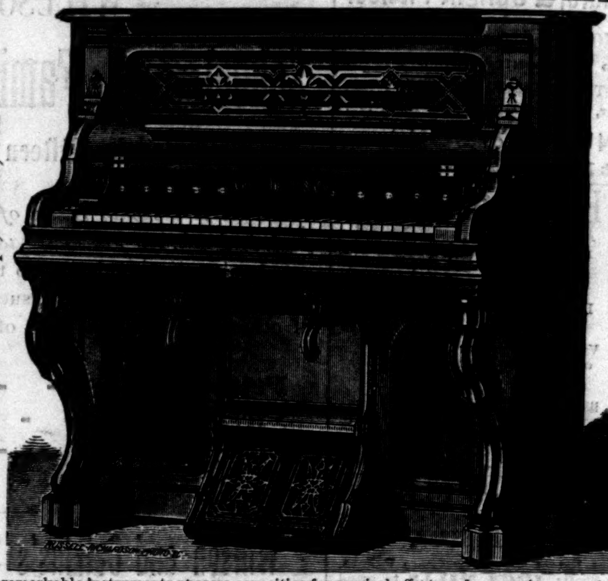

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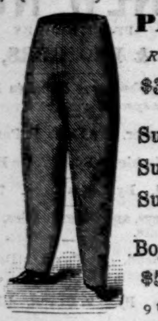

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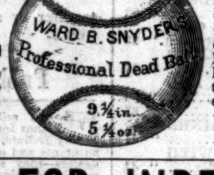

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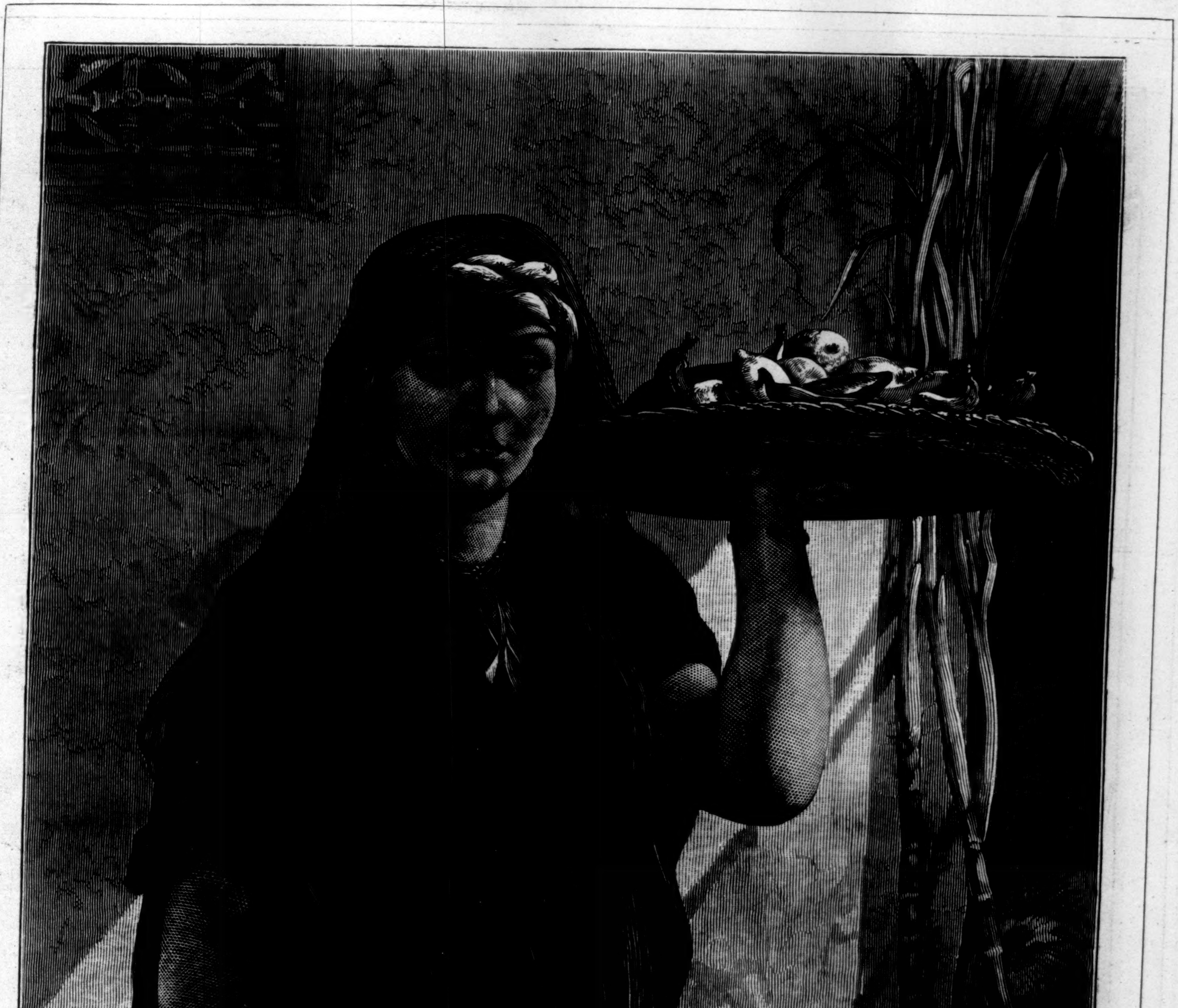

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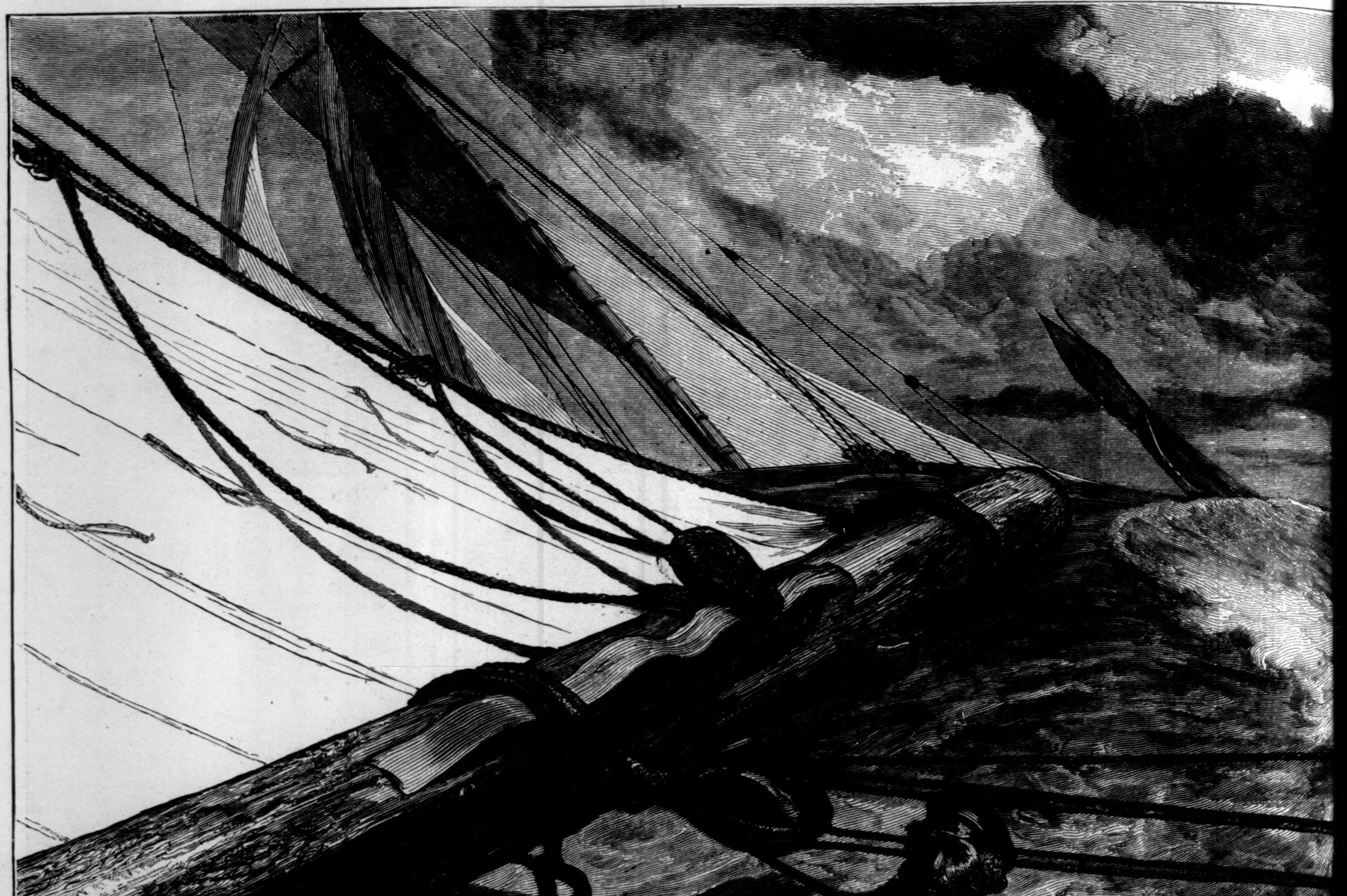

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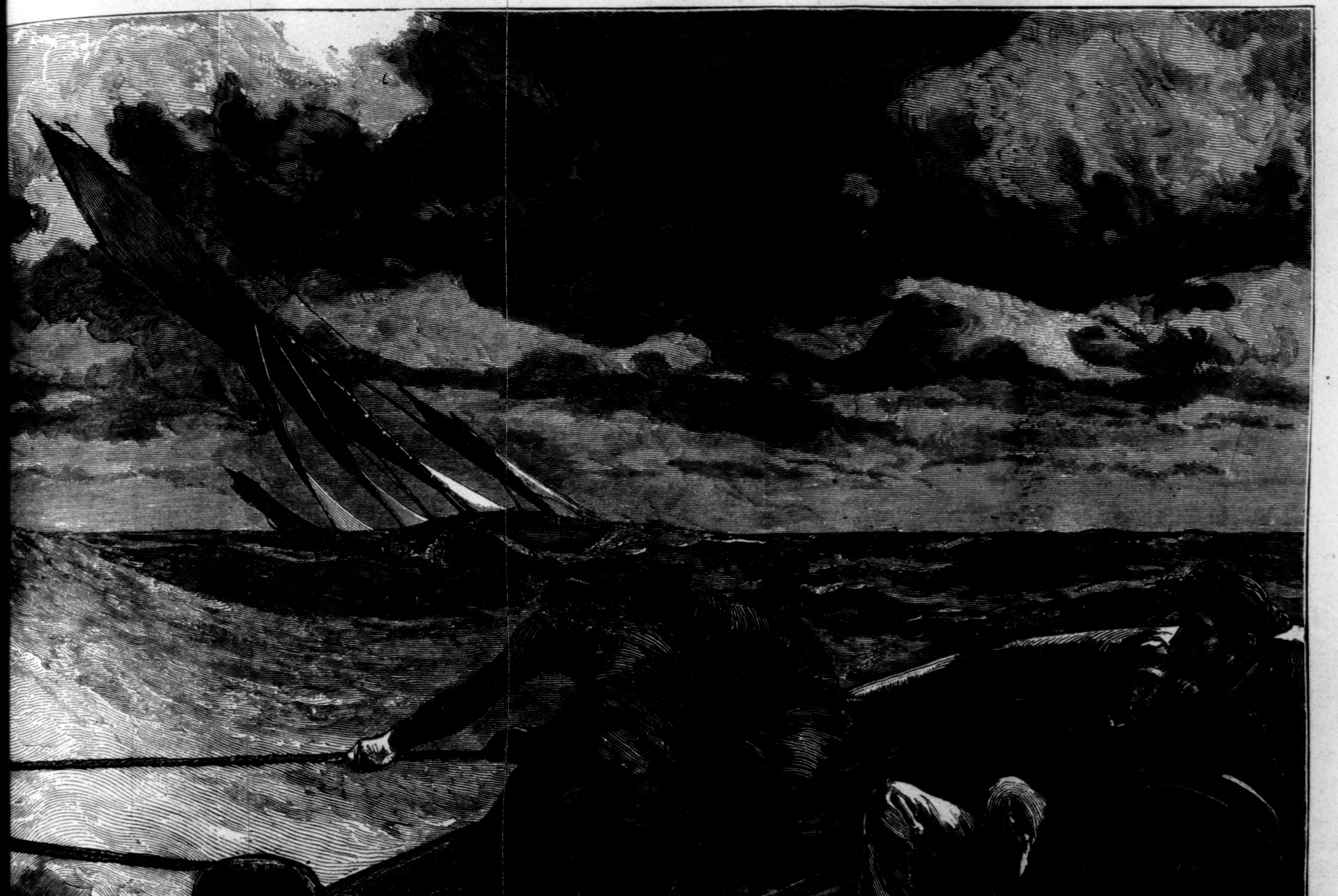

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